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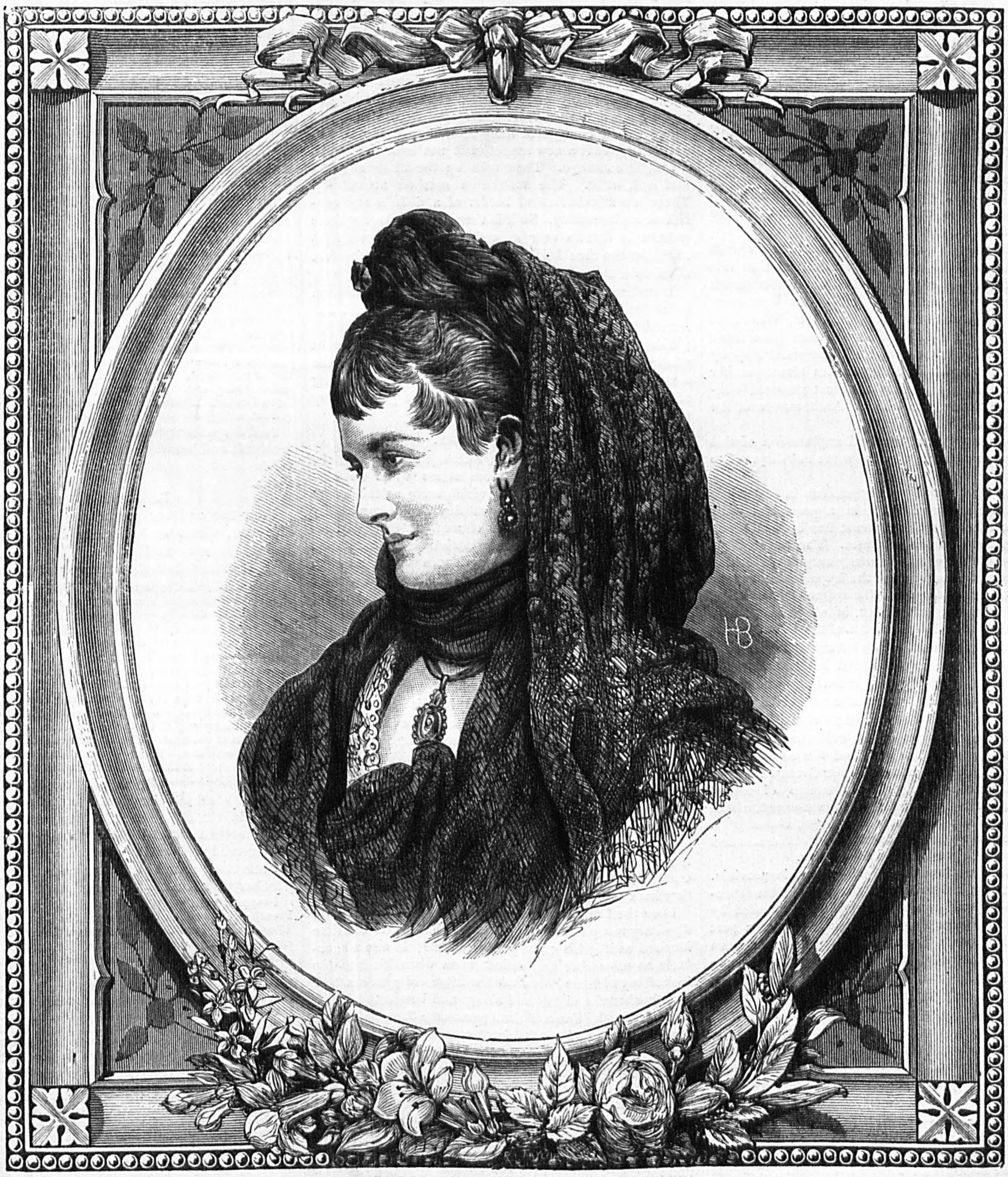


MISS NELLY POWER.—*From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.*

NEW CHANGES IN EUROPE.

It used to be the habit of the English reader to pay very little attention to questions of foreign politics. This was a grave mistake; for, isolated though we are from the rest of Europe, we cannot help feeling the influence of what occurs on the Continent; and, moreover, the story of the doings of foreign Courts and Ministers is a very interesting one if we follow it up.

Take, for example, the great incident of the last few days: the resignation of Count Beust at the Austrian Court. Now this is a far more important matter than the deposition of one Premier and the raising up of another in Great Britain. In this country we know pretty nearly what will happen, whether Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Earl Russell, or Lord Derby is placed at the head of affairs; but the event which moves Count Beust from the Chancellorship of the Austrian Empire and puts Count Andrassy in his place may change the current of Austrian history, and alter the whole aspect of affairs in Europe.

Few of us are so young as not to remember a little of Austrian affairs previous to the war which ended in the battle of Sadowa. Without reading the Red Book, or going out of our way to know what the empire was doing, we were compelled to hear that the Italian provinces of Austria were cruelly oppressed, that Hungary suffered much tyranny and repression of free aspirations; that throughout Austria reigned a system of the most rigid and intolerable caste between class and class; and that the worst form of Popery was rampant throughout the country, the power of the Vatican having been newly affirmed by the Concordat of 1855. Now, roughly speaking, the reign of Beust has seen the end of all this. In 1866 Austria appeared to be ruined; in 1871 she is great, with a splendid career before her, notwithstanding her difficulties with her Sclavonic subjects. She has shaken off the incubus of Popish domination; she has rendered the Hungarians a contented people, a tower of strength by her side; and she has inaugurated constitutional reforms in a manner which has extorted the admiration of all free peoples.

It is not too much to say that this has been the work of Count Beust. And now it is understood that this great statesman, who may be said to have renewed the life of the empire on the ruins of 1866, has been compelled to resign his office by reason of the disfavour of the Emperor, who has hitherto been so ready to accede to his plans; while at the same time his Imperial Majesty heaps honours upon his Minister, makes him a member of the Upper House, expresses the most profound obligations, and commissions him as Ambassador of the Empire in London.

Very few indeed know the real explanation of this startling event, and those who know are not disposed to tell the secret.

Among the most startling suggestions is that made in an elaborate leading article in a provincial daily paper, to the effect that Count Beust has been all along a secret agent of Russian schemes. The argument is put with a good deal of force; many suspicious-looking facts are arrayed in support of the hypothesis: but the article is not convincing, and the animus of the writer is betrayed in a single sentence, in which he accuses Beust of having annulled the rights of the Church. The truth is that Beust was a Protestant Minister in a Catholic country, and he succeeded in immensely curtailing the power of the Pope in Austria. What could be expected but that he should make secret and powerful enemies? We can see the hand of the Church's servants in leading articles in the columns of English Liberal newspapers on the career and the so-called fall of Count Beust. We do not credit the Count's Russian proclivities. Among the probable causes of retirement from office is the success, for the moment, of the machinations of the agents of the Pope, choosing a time of reactionary excitement in the Sclavonian and other non-German provinces of the empire.

And another explanation of the event is possible. Count Beust was a Minister of Saxony, and his retirement from that position was a condition demanded by Prince Bismarck when Saxony was made to form a part of the North German Confederation. Beust had been an obstacle in the path of Prussia, before he went to Vienna and became a naturalised Austrian and a Minister. It is only a few weeks since the meeting of Austrian and German Emperors and Ministers, when much secret business was transacted. Who knows that the enforced withdrawal of Count Beust from the Chancellorship is not the natural result of those negotiations? May not Prince Bismarck have been able to produce arguments strong enough to induce the Emperor Francis Joseph to deprive himself of the services of his faithful Chancellor?

We have not yet seen the end of German development or of the schemes of Prince Bismarck. It is just possible that there is no connection between the retirement of Count Beust and the recent meeting of William and Francis Joseph, but it is not very probable. We must wait a while before we can even guess what new project may be occupying the mind of the Chancellor of the German Empire.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

NOVEMBER.

There should be a good word for November, which, this year at least, so far as it has gone, has a decided advantage over October. The month that is past, was foggy; November is frosty. We dwelt for a few minutes, three or four weeks ago, on the October fogs. They were not altogether uninteresting, but they were rather too unintermitting when once they set in. It is all very well while we walk through the park, and watch the hues of vegetation and the strange atmospheric effects; but when we sit down to our desk, thinking to do a good spell of work in the best hours of the day, and find the shades of night, so to speak, setting in before noon, we do not look at the fog in precisely the same light. It is quite detestable, in fact, this burning of gas in the middle of the day, and if such phenomena are peculiar to October and November, the sooner we arrive at the shortest day the better.

But November has been treating us very well. What a charming hoarfrost it was the other morning! This eccentricity of our climate is not altogether the most desirable thing when one first gets out of bed; but get breakfast over, face the day in the open, and you will enjoy it. Not, perhaps, in the dense air of the city; but in the free and smokeless regions of the parks and rustic suburbs. The haze in the air is far from unpleasant. There is an exhilarating spirit abroad. Invalids and the hardlivers do not like it, but the healthy and vigorous are full of activity and light of heart.

This dainty white embroidery on the grass and foliage outrivals snow. There is something very beautiful in snow, no doubt, but it does not do its work with the delicacy and nicety of hoar frost. It loads the boughs and leaves, while the frost trims and decorates them. There is just enough of the pale hue upon the face of nature to give it a new aspect, but not enough to work a complete change. Then take up the blade of grass and look at it. The surface is marked artistically. There is a minute frosted border of a definite and consistent workmanship. So it is throughout. An exquisite pattern is thrown over everything, and has wrought itself, for the time being, into the superficial structure of all fabrics.

Then how finely the red round sun, not at all dazzling, looks down through the fine white pattern which has formed itself upon the atmosphere.

These are pleasant tokens of coming winter, and right gladly we welcome them, seeing that they indicate the slow departure of the dull autumn days and the coming of that turn in the tide which carries us gently away towards spring and summer again.

CIVIC PAGEANTRY.

Do men feel differently in one age and in another? This is a question that often arises when we look upon scenes and spectacles which seem calculated to bring to mind the spirit of past days. We can hardly resist the belief that a tone of mind actually distinct from that of the present time prevailed among men some centuries ago. There are experiences which seem to confirm this idea. If you go into Holland and wander dreamily and speculatively through the streets, watching the inhabitants at their daily routine, you can hardly help saying to yourself, "The time will come when the people of this land would give much to be able to recall the sensations of quaintness which must form a part of their daily existence now." The houses and people are like figures in an old picture, and there is something in everything you see akin to what you believe to have been the life of Old England three or four hundred years ago. Well, is not their existence permeated with the feeling that belongs to such periods? There are, indeed, districts of England where the old-fashioned spirit reigns, and the inhabitants really do manifest some of the characteristics which seem to present themselves to our apprehension when we read old books of history, biography, poetry, or fiction. It may be that these time-crusted feelings do not render the people happier; but they have them, and seem more picturesque thereby.

Does the Lord Mayor's Show work up the great civic dignitary to a pitch of feeling in which he is for the time inspired as if by his great predecessors? It was a spectacle to remember and reflect upon when his lordship looked out of the window of that huge old gilt carriage as it lumbered and tottered along, and bowed to the vast London crowd. Can a modern personage form an item in such a picture and not fall back somewhat upon antique days? Does the pageant help to redeem the man as well as the events of our days from absolute commonplace?

Let us confess that we like to see the Show. We are not superior to being a little bit moved by the display of banners and bannerets, and by the marching men in queer raiment. We like to see our ancient city personified thus, and to feel that the present is linked with the past in a manner not always obvious to common eyesight. But we would wish that the pageant should be more thorough. It is a curious and incongruous medley of the modern and the old, and the parts do not fit nor harmonise. There is no great general picture, no climax. It is a long line of objects, some bearing the impress of time, some ostentatiously and offensively fresh-looking. When the procession was coming it seemed a thing of promise; when it was gone it was a disappointment. After all it is not so fine an exhibition as the going of Her Majesty to open Parliament, and it is much more of a sham. Let it be acknowledged, too, that the Thames Embankment does not quite suit the show, as far as appearance goes. No doubt it is a magnificent parade ground, and beyond question it is a fine thing to get the procession out of the streets; but, were it not for the inconvenience, the danger and the interference with business, Fleet-street and the Strand are the places in which a Lord Mayor's Show looks best. The height and irregularity of the buildings, and the very narrowness of those streets, serve to heighten the effect of the pageant. To stand in the middle of Fleet-street and look towards Ludgate Hill is to see a very fine old picture; and how much finer and more striking, with the procession from the Guildhall coming down the incline!

THE LORD MAYOR.

Our knowledge of the Lord Mayor is confined to the imperfect impression we were able to form of the man from seeing him at the window of the cumbrous civic carriage, bowing incessantly to the shouting crowd as the procession moved along the Victoria Embankment; but here is a pen-and-ink sketch of him by one who is qualified to speak. Our author is the writer of the London letter in the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

> I may say to you, in perfect confidence, one or two things which could not be expected to find their way into the journals of the day. I must tell you, first of all, that I have a friend at Court—I mean, not the Royal Court, which can scarcely be said to have any existence, but the Court of Common Council. He is a most intelligent man. He sells potatoes; and very good potatoes they are, I can assure you. But, in addition to this, he is a member of I do not know how many learned societies. And he is an earnest politician. What he tells me, therefore, I can believe. Well, the dinner was excellent, and a man who sells potatoes ought to know. The speaking, too, was good. Everything was gracious and genial. And this is no slight thing to say. For Lord Mayor Gibbons is a Tory of the Tories, and hates Mr. Gladstone with all the hatred which is consistent or even compatible with Christian charity and brotherhood. By the way, did you ever see this same Alderman Gibbons? That is by no means a good representation of the man which appears in the *Illustrated London News* this week. He is a delightful fellow to look at. He is the best specimen of civic majesty I ever knew, excepting Sir Robert Carden, who is also a Tory of the Tories. You see nothing of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in his face. It shines in the perspiration of perpetual joy. It absolutely glows with glory. It is more than rubicund; it is positively resplendent in its august self-complacency. Depend upon it, Alderman Gibbons will make a first-rate Lord Mayor. At any rate, everybody will admit that he has started well. As I have intimated, his position was an embarrassing one. His guests were his political opponents. Let all honest Liberals admit that he has discharged his obligations with grace and true amiability.

And the writer goes on to say how the speeches were received, and how happily the host and the guests hit off the affair, considering the difference in their political views.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

From two or three sources we select a few items of chit-chat, which we believe to be quite fresh, about literary persons and topics. We must begin with another extract from the letter quoted above:—

> I stumbled into Chapman and Hall's the other day, and who should I see there but Thomas Carlyle and Mr. Froude, in close, and evidently friendly, conversation. It would have done your heart good to see the Chelsea prophet. He wears his growing age with right youthful vigour; he looks rosy and robust; he was dressed as a gentleman; he was hearty, cheerful, genial. He has that rarest and richest of all fascinations—the fresh and vital juvenility of ripe age. Talking of Chapman and Hall reminds me that on Monday next will appear, in a nice little volume, an early copy of which I have seen, the essays recently contributed by "Q." to the *Athenæum*, on the drama and dramatists of our time. The author has made several additions and some revisions. There is much in the book with which I cannot agree; but that it will make a sensation I do not doubt.

We hardly know why "Q.'s" book should make a sensation. We have already expressed our opinion of his letters in the *Athenæum*. They were superficial and weak, quite undeserving the prominence given them, and certainly not worthy of republication.

From some scraps in a letter in the *Hampshire Independent* we select the following items:—

> I suppose most persons have read the charming sketches of French politics which have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. They are by Mr. Grenville Murray, father of the notorious editor of the *Queen's Messenger*. It may be news to your readers to know that the popular novelist, Amelia B. Edwards, is really a Mrs. Freund, and that she is the mother of the editor of the *Dark Blue Magazine*. "Andrew Halliday" is another *nom de plume*; the gentleman who uses it has for his real name the more common one of Brown. Common as it is, it has been assumed, as a pseudonym, by Mr. Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth," and who preferred the lighter to the darker colour when writing his sketches in the Highlands, which appeared in the *Daily News* during the summer. Mr. Edmund Yates is about to resign his chair at the Post Office. Professor Pepper is retiring from the management of the Polytechnic. Mr. Magnussein, the *collaborateur* of Mr. Morris, the poet, has just been successful, out of seventy-eight candidates, in winning the post of under-librarian at Cambridge, and has been commissioned by Lord Romilly to collate and translate a very curious Icelandic legend about Thomas à Becket, which is expected to throw great light on history.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
506] "To Perry Davis & Son, London."

COUNTRY LIFE.

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

IN towns where the local powers have successfully waged war against the makers of bonfires and the saturnalia of fireworks, processions, and public masquerades on the anniversary of the Fifth of November, there are, nevertheless, always a few adventurous spirits left among the youthful population who betray their uneasiness on the evening of that particular date, and let off their feelings in the shape of surreptitious crackers in the dark corners of deserted streets. What would be the feelings of those forlorn and sorely persecuted young Protestants if they could know with what impunity their more lucky contemporaries in some distant English town were enjoying the never-to-be-forgotten commemoration? In several towns and cities within our knowledge the precautions taken against the blazing up of bonfires and the explosion of gunpowder within the civic walls at this season have been so thorough and determined, through a long series of years, that the very tradition of the celebration has been almost stamped out, and the youths of the place would no sooner think of erecting and setting light to a pile of faggots and tar-barrels in the public streets than they would of subjecting their native place to the fate decreed against Paris this year by the gentlemen of the Commune. Yet their will is good, we may be sure, to burn the effigy of Fawkes with any amount of ceremony, display, and riot; and at the risk of evoking a feeling of envy, and perhaps of provoking a little tentative rebellion against the powers next year, we will inform them, if they will give us their attention for a few moments, of the manner in which the day is celebrated in towns where young and ardent Protestants are more fortunately situated.

We hardly need mention, perhaps, the case of Exeter, for the public disturbances in that city some three or four years ago, known at the time as the "bread riots," happening in some degree in connection with the Guy Fawkes celebration, called public attention to the fact that the ancient saturnalia had continued up to that time to be held in all its ancient glories in the Queen City of the West. It may be interesting, however, to know that the festival has survived the misfortunes, and outgrown the prejudice, of the riot year. In the very heart of the city of Exeter last Monday week the usual enormous bonfire was raised, and it burned from eight o'clock in the evening till nearly one next morning, surrounded by a vast crowd carrying out an organised masquerade. The history of the continuance of the festival in Exeter is somewhat peculiar. Around the Cathedral is a space known as the Close, a term which, in some respects, corresponds with "parish," the space, however, being, for certain purposes, under the control of the Dean and Chapter. Up to four or five years ago the local authorities had no business whatever with the Close, though a number of houses and shops are built upon portions of it, forming an irregular figure round three parts of the Cathedral. The city had for many years been governed by a body of what were called Improvement Commissioners, who existed by right of a local Act of Parliament, and did as little as possible in the way of local improvement. About five years ago the town abolished its Improvement Commissioners, and elected in their place a Local Board of Health under modern Acts of Parliament; and then it happened that the Local Board obtained a jurisdiction over the Close which had been denied to the Commissioners. Now the Dean and Chapter had never attempted to prevent the celebration of the Fifth of November in the Close but the Local Board of Health were called upon to put down what to the immediate inhabitants was an annoyance, and they attempted to do so.

That was the riot year. Whether the public notice of the Town Council that the usual frolic would not be permitted had created an excitement, or whether the high price of bread and the reports current that the bakers were making a greater profit than was the custom of the trade in other parts of England, had really led to a dangerous state of the public mind, it was hard to say; but on the 4th of November, 1867, crowds began to assemble at the corners of the streets, discussing, as was thought, the probable conflict between the Guy Fawkes celebrators and the police on the morrow; and as the evening wore on the movement had developed into a serious disturbance of the public peace and the breaking of the windows of nearly all the bakers and butchers in the city.

The remarkable part of this story in connection with the Gunpowder Festival is that though on the morning of the Fifth of November the public mind was in a state of great alarm, though a body of military had been called up from Plymouth and were stationed in the Guildhall, though hundreds of pounds' worth of mischief had been done, and the magistrates had previously resolved to forbid the making of a bonfire and the letting off of fireworks in the Close, and still adhered to their determination: the celebration took place that evening with even more than usual *eclât*.

The promoters of these grand commemorations are known as "Young Exeter," and "Young Exeter" announced that it had had nothing whatever to do with the bread riots and that it would not forego its festival; and when we say that Young Exeter is a very considerable organisation, with a powerful executive committee, with large funds subscribed for the occasion by the tradesmen of the city, and with complete command of the "roughs," it will be understood that the magistrates hesitated to increase the mischief of the night before by running into collision with Young Exeter. The result was that no public announcement was made; but while the streets were protected by the soldiers and the police from a repetition of the disgraceful scenes of the previous night, no attempt was made to prevent the holding of the carnival in the Close. The authorities did, indeed, try to prevent the carrying of firewood into the open space, but they were outmanœuvred, and a bonfire was made on which were piled no less than eight waggons full of faggots.

Since then the authorities have never seriously interfered with the celebration in the Close, and there from eight o'clock till midnight may be seen "Young Exeter" in great strength, dressed as harlequins, as clowns, as nigger melodists, as Hamlet, as Macbeth, with blackened or painted faces, and, indeed, in every conceivable guise, running the length of the Close with hand-rockets, exploding crackers, illuminating the fine antique scene with Bengal lights, and performing such pranks that thousands of the population turn out of their homes on the dreary November night to see the display, and the upper windows and housetops are crowded with spectators, though the lower windows have been carefully barricaded to provide against accident. We quote from the *Exeter Flying Post* a few lines showing how the old practice was kept up this year:—

> Shortly after eight o'clock the torch was applied to an immense fire, built in the roadway facing the west front of the Cathedral, and in a few minutes the flames shot into the air to a great height, presenting a very grand spectacle. Previous to this the Cathedral was illumined by the lime-light, and the noble old pile looked very well under the artificial illumination. During the evening the effigy of a Government officer who has something to do with a very objectionable tax was paraded about the yard and at last committed to the flames, amidst the cheers of the assembled crowds. It was one o'clock before the last rocket was exploded, and soon afterwards the hose was turned on to the red embers of the fire, and then all was again darkness and quiet.

A famous place for these celebrations is the ancient town of Lewes, where a huge fire is always made in High-street, in front of the County Hall. The festival is the outcome of an elaborate and extensive organisation, of which a local journal speaks thus:—

> In addition to small associations in nearly every parish, the members of which belong to the rising generation, there are three great combinations, named respectively the Borough, the Cliffe, and the Commercial Square societies. The operations of these associations generally begin as early as August; meetings which partake rather of the "free and easy" character are held sometimes two and three times a week, and little difficulty is experienced in getting funds to defray the cost of the celebration, because considerably more than half the male population have been, or are, "bonfire boys," and, old as they may be now, like to see the fun, aye and take part in it too, if an opportunity offers to set a broken-down barrel going again, or to carry a torch or flag.

The same newspaper, telling the story of the commemoration of a few days ago, gives a full account of three processions. The first was that of the Borough Bonfire Society:—

> The members met at head-quarters at the top of the town about six o'clock, and started immediately for a run to the Bridge with six tar barrels. On returning they pitched the fire before the County Hall, and from that time till past midnight the smell of gunpowder and burnt tar, pitch, and petroleum pervaded the place. Half-an-hour afterwards a start was made for the Swan, to form the procession which customarily parades the "ancient borough of Southover." Being very similar, although on a smaller scale, to the grand affair which afterwards took place in the High-street of Lewes, it is only necessary to say that the effect produced by the suburban display was highly appreciated by the "model" parishioners. Other runs were accomplished, and at half-past nine all hands assembled at the point of departure to make preparations for the grand procession.

In the procession were Pioneers, the "Meteor Flag of England," numerous banners and bannerets, halberd-bearers of the sixteenth century, torches, a brass band, the ancient key of the borough, lieutenants carrying coloured lights, effigies of Guy Fawkes and the Pope stuffed with fireworks, one thousand members in costume, with fireworks and torches, twelve large hogsheads, ten tar barrels, &c.

> As the procession passed down the town the pavements on each side were thronged with spectators, and bright eyes glistened from almost every window. The commander-in-chief was surrounded with a brilliant staff in all conceivable attires, and backed up by a guard of halberdiers in armour. To give anything like a description of the multifarious characters represented would take columns. Some of the costumes were costly, others were tawdry. There were soldiers, sailors, devils of every hue—with and without horns, and tails, and forks,—Indians, bonny Scots, clowns, niggers, knights, highwaymen, flunkeys, and other disguises beyond numbering. The whole affair was most effectively lighted with coloured fire, and as the procession advanced down the town, clouds of fireworks were discharged. The grand tableau supposed to represent "Peace to all nations," attracted a large share of attention. A four-wheel car, adorned with evergreens, with vases of blazing petroleum at each corner, bore "Britannia" with shield and trident, surrounded by representatives in characteristic costume of the great nations of the world, bearing bannerets with the national emblems of France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, America, and Turkey. The fireworks and coloured lights were more brilliant than ever has been known before, and the Commercial Square boys with their band, banners, &c., bringing up the rear, gave a most effective finish to the whole affair. Having paraded the High-street, Albion-street, Poplar-row, and Market-street, the "boys" returned to the Hall, where the crowd was so great round the fire that passage could hardly be obtained for the banners, effigies, and barrels. However, the heat from the latter soon made itself felt; the people drew back, the flags were ranged round, the figures brought up, and the oratorical part of the business commenced.

After that comes an account of the Cliffe celebration, which is not too long to transcribe:—

> From the attractive programme issued by the Cliffe Bonfire Society and the numerous processions announced, it was evident that there was no lack of men and material in this famous old suburb, and it was anticipated that the evening's proceedings would excel, if not surpass, the wildly gorgeous spectacles witnessed in the palmiest days of "bonfiring," some fourteen or fifteen years ago. The expectations of the hundreds of spectators who thronged the streets of the Cliffe, hanging on the skirts of the processions, blocking the pavements, or strolling round the fire, were not deemed to be disappointed. Shortly after five o'clock the members of the society assembled in considerable numbers at their head-quarters, and as soon as it was dusk, and the places of business closed—the gratings, and other apertures being carefully protected by wet straw—off they started for a run to the Bridge with a number of lighted tar barrels and torches, and thus fairly opened the ball. Returning to Cliffe corner, the fire was pitched at the old spot, and was soon blazing high. Various other processions followed, and during the evening a strong detachment arrived by train from the Brighton branch of the society. Nearly all were tastefully attired in fancy dresses, each of which must have cost the wearer a good round sum in current coin. Their presence produced a marked effect upon the processions, and enhanced the character of the spectacle. About half-past eight, everything being in trim and the officers at their posts, preparations were made for the grand procession.

This was of a similar character to the last, but exhibited more variety, and indeed more speciality, for in the midst of banners and close to the effigies of the Pope and Guy Fawkes, was a lay figure representing the heroine of the notorious Brighton poisoning case. On one banner was inscribed, "Down with the Pope; down with Ritualism":—

> The word having been given, torches and coloured fires were lighted, flags and banners waved proudly in the air, squibs and crackers hissed and banged, tar barrels roared and blazed, the people cheered, and the procession swept onward. Amongst the banners we especially noticed a fine new "Cliffe Bonfire Society," in large letters of various hues. It was, we understand, the work of Mr. Berry, to whom it does considerable credit. Prominent also was the fine new banner of the Brighton branch, bearing the motto "No Popery," with the Brighton borough arms in the centre, and "Success to Bonfire Boys" emblazoned below. "The Grand Tableau," illustrative of the Brighton poisoning case, attracted great attention. The effigy of Miss E. was a triumph of art. She was represented in walking costume, armed with bags, bearing the name of the tradesman who owes her small thanks for what she has done for him. The procession marched up Malling-street, round the corner, through the High-street, to the Bridge; returned to the corner, paraded South-street, and then came back to the fire. The whole affair was splendidly illuminated throughout, and the members, but more particularly the officers, are to be congratulated upon their success. The Bishop of the Cliffe (while faggots were being piled upon the fire and the flags and effigies ranged around) mounted his rostrum, and proceeded to deliver his annual address to a most enthusiastic but withal attentive assembly.

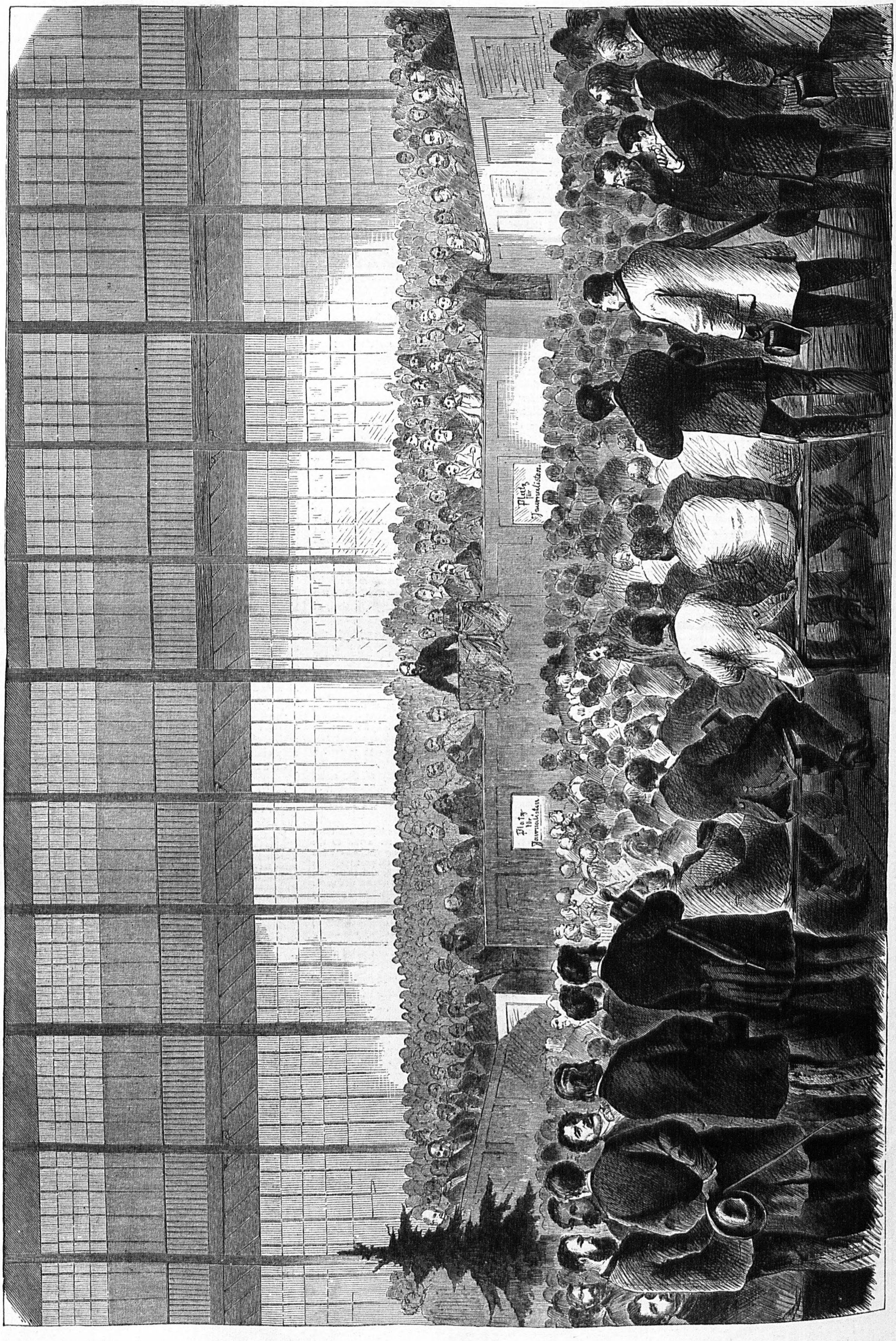
A similar account is given of the doings of the Commercial Square Society, but in this case the "usual address," instead of being delivered by the Bishop, was ably enunciated by "His Grace the Archbishop of St. John Sub-Castro."

A PICKWICK CLUB IN WALES.

The following is an extract from a report in a local paper of the business transacted at a recent meeting of the Llannon School Board:—

> Mr. Goring Thomas commenced proceedings by charging the Chairman, Mr. Jenkins, with having called him (Mr. R. Goring Thomas) a liar, or made him out a liar at some meeting held some months ago; and he wished Mr. Jenkins to withdraw the language. This Mr. Jenkins declined to do, on the ground that he had never used such language to Mr. Thomas, and therefore could not withdraw what he had never said; but Mr. Thomas still kept to the subject, and persisted in his accusation, and said that he recollected it well, because it was an insult to him. Mr. Jenkins stated that he recollected well Mr. Thomas saying that he (Mr. Jenkins) had made out Mr. Thomas a liar, and that Mr. Thomas being very angry and offensive, Mr. Jenkins had not considered it worth while to contradict Mr. Thomas, as Mr. Thomas's assertion was quite unfounded; and Mr. Jenkins asked the Rev. E. Price and the Rev. W. E. Evans if they ever recollected Mr. Jenkins calling Mr. Thomas a liar, or making him out one at a previous meeting of the Board, and they stated they had not. Mr. Thomas said they did not know English sufficiently well to understand. This was really an impudent and absurd statement, as both of them knew English very well and Mr. Evans has preached in English. Mr. Jenkins therefore contradicted Mr. Thomas on this point, and then asked Mr. James (Mr. R. G. Thomas's tenant) if he recollected what Mr. Thomas stated. Mr. James replied he thought he did; whereupon Mr. Jenkins asked him (Mr. James) what was the subject upon which Mr. Jenkins had been so offensive. Mr. James said it was with regard to the ninety-one Church families. "No it was not," said Mr. Thomas—"Mr. Jenkins said, I did not call the school" something or other. The whole thing was so absurd that there was a hearty laugh. It was a regular cock and bull story; like the engineer's story that the late Mr. Albert Smith used to tell at his entertainments, without beginning, end, or meaning. The Rev. W. Davies, the vicar of Llannon, who was present at the request of the School Board, then asked Mr. Jenkins if he would withdraw the statement if he had made it? Mr. Jenkins said Yes, certainly, but as he had not made it he could not withdraw it: immediately upon which Mr. Thomas broke out into the most beaming smiles and thanked Mr. Jenkins.

It appears to be the custom of angry men in the Principality to taunt each other with not knowing English, but we never hear of one casting a stigma upon his countryman by reason of his ignorance of Welsh; indeed, not to speak the Cymrig appears to be rather a thing to be proud of than not, though the language, our neighbours assure us, is the language of Paradise, and will form the medium of conversation in a future state of existence.


Platz für Journalisten
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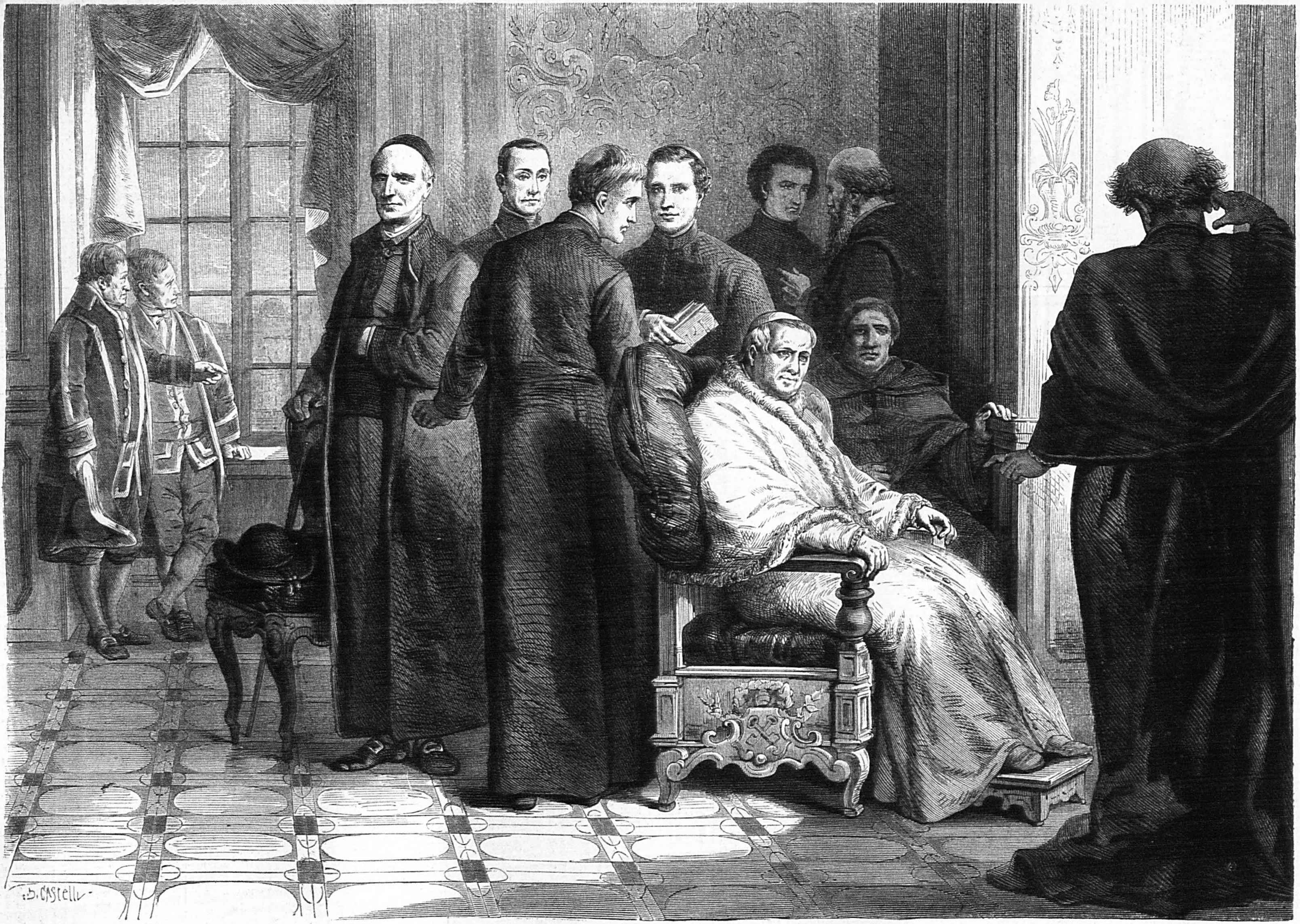
THE ULTRAMONTANE CATHOLIC CONGRESS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE, MUNICH.



POPE PIUS IX. AND HIS MINISTERS.

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

THE "Social Movement" that has been running about like a lost sheep in the political world, is at last owned, and the difficulty cleared up. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL has published a long letter explaining the origin, history and aims of the "Social Movement." *He* is the origin it seems, and he is willing to take unto himself the praise or blame of the whole design. He complains that the movement has been misrepresented in two forms—as a conspiracy and as a manœuvre of political parties. He describes the scheme as "nothing more than an endeavour to raise the condition of the great mass of the people in well-being and in well-doing, in education, conduct, and character," and goes back twenty years for its origin. He has studied the working man and his condition since the Exhibition of 1851, and his experience has deepened into conviction that though there is no finer breed of working men in the world than are born and bred in Britain, there is no civilised country in which his interests are so little cared for, and in which the institutions, laws, and customs are so unfavourable to his material well-being and to his moral development. Last year he devoted six months to studying the real evils which depress the condition of the working men. He conversed with the least educated and the most educated, the least skilled and the more skilled, with the object of learning, not their imaginary grievances or their political fancies, but the real griefs of their daily life. He reduced these by classification to the number of twelve, and afterwards of seven. "It was thus that the seven points of our movement were not the invention of any one, but grew naturally out of the actual condition of English society." He found the cure must be revolution by force or good-will. An incident which followed opened up a way to the means. In conversation upon another matter he dropped a few words which induced a member of the Upper House to ask him for written communications on the subject. "In these communications I laid before him my reasons for believing that the House of Peers was the fittest body in England to initiate the necessary legislation for our social movement, and why I thought it to be, not only their highest interest, but their inevitable duty to undertake the task." A council of representative working men then gave Mr. RUSSELL the responsibility of placing the matter in the hands of such a Legislative Council as he should find able and willing to undertake the task. This has been followed, as our readers are aware, by the publication of the project and its repudiation by those whose names were mentioned. Mr. RUSSELL has not altered his ground or withdrawn from the contest. In what has happened he sees nothing to divide the working men from going straight forward in their great work or to dissuade the peers and legislators from doing their duty.

ON Tuesday afternoon a deputation, consisting of managers of the Metropolitan Local Asylums, waited upon the Right Hon. J. STANSFELD, M.P., at Whitehall, on the subject of the spread of cholera in London. The deputation having been introduced by Dr. BREWER, M.D., Mr. J. SHAW STEWART said there was a feeling on the part of the Metropolitan Asylum Board that they ought not to be called upon to provide or to superintend cholera hospitals in London. Their principal reasons for arriving at this conclusion was the account of the nature of the disease, the suddenness of the attacks, and of the collapse which occurred so very frequently, that it was impossible for them to remove patients at a short notice. Another reason was that the Board held that it was the duty of the parochial authorities to make provision for such cases. There is a proverb goes, that, "it is needless to lock the stable-door when the horse is stolen"—it may be equally unreasonable to fasten the door with great care and ceremony when there is nothing to steal. Mr. STANSFELD seems to have thought so. He told the deputation that he might safely say that an outbreak of the epidemic had been "adjourned," and that they had plenty of time before them to consider the whole matter.

Mr. PIGOTT, the proprietor of the *Irishman*, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell for a scandalous article published during the course of the Kelly trial. The punishment is certainly severe, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and if the principle be admitted that the proprietor of a newspaper is criminally as well as civilly responsible for all that appears in it, the sentence is not, we think, too heavy. To some extent the liberty of the Press seems to be involved in the case, but we are satisfied that even the liberty of the Press, when it is used as a mask of mischief and with intent to baulk justice and the free administration of the law, should have its boundary line, and a salutary check.

WE expect some day to hear of the formation of an association pledging its members not to read newspapers. The duty, if it is a duty, is certainly a great tax upon our time, and if it can be made clear that newspaper reading is unnecessary, an immense saving will be the result. A prophet has arisen to inaugurate the new reform. Mr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, a Welsh County Court judge, presiding at Mold, a few days ago. It appears that an application was made for advocate's fees in a case heard last February; the judge did not remember the case, and the advocate remarked that it had "gone the round of the papers," whereupon his Honour replied that:—

> He never would allow advocate's fees under the circumstances; and, added his Honour—"As for the newspapers, he never read them, and he believed they were not intended for those who had anything else to do!"

We will not repeat the indignant and scathing remarks of the *North Wales Press* on this expression of his Honour's opinion. We regard Judge WILLIAMS as an original and a courageous man. We trust he has been true to his *dictum* since he betrayed his secret—and, above all, we hope he has not stumbled over a copy of the *North Wales Press*.

IT is just possible that some of our readers may have experienced a scarcity of silver of late. If so, the following paragraph will explain the phenomenon:—

> The directors of Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited) at Jarrow-on-Tyne, where about 7,000 men are employed, having represented to the authorities of the Mint the extreme difficulty experienced in the North of England for some time in procuring sufficient silver coin for the payment of wages, Mr. C. W. Fremantle, the Deputy Master of the Mint, has replied as follows:—"In reference to your letter of the 19th instant, I have the honour to state that I find the Governors of the Bank of England are able, from their own observation, to corroborate the representations which you have made on behalf of Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited) as to the general demand for silver coin, a demand which the Bank has been unable to meet to its full extent, notwithstanding the large supply of about £417,000 received from the Mint since the commencement of the present year, the average annual issue of silver coin not being more than £200,000. I may mention that, in consequence of the unprecedented demand for gold coin, the Mint has, of necessity, been exclusively occupied during the last few weeks in coining sovereigns, but it is hoped that, although the gold coinage must continue for some considerable time, opportunities may at intervals be found to coin such an amount of silver as may remove all cause of complaint."

THE London correspondent of the *Western Daily Mercury*, referring to the rather flourishing condition of the bookselling trade at this time, remarks:—

> So great was the demand for "Vanity Fair," the first volume of the new cheap edition of Thackeray's works, that it was soon out of print. One bookseller in a leading thoroughfare sold no fewer than 500 copies at the retail price of 3s. 9d. each volume (it was published at 5s.) The interval of reprinting was favourable to the West End booksellers, who placarded it at 4s. 2d. "Vanity Fair" is now reprinted, and is again to be had of the cheap booksellers for 3s. 9d. The second volume of the series, "Pendennis," is also published, and is to be had at the same price. The great success of the series is expected to be the "Newcomes," which will follow in due course. The *Bookseller*, the leading organ of the trade, has hitherto opened its pages to complaints of underselling. It will do so no more. "We must give up all regrets (says the editor) for the past days of protection prices, and resolutely set to work to meet the new state of things. Free trade is the order of the day; and the wisest men are those who in these difficult times can by their superior knowledge secure competence or wealth."

The question of free trade in books is one that has been very warmly discussed during a good many years. There is, as most readers know, a large profit on books, amounting to something like one-third of the selling price, so that the shopkeeper gets half-a-guinea for selling a three volume novel. The publishers insisted for a long time on these prices, refusing to supply a bookseller who sold a new work for less than the nominal publishing price. The restriction is, however, getting broken down, and we may before long see quite a revolution in the book trade. The circulating library system, for example, is carried to lengths which renders the whole business unfair to authors and publishers. The proprietors of great libraries are the only persons who buy new books cheap, and they use their power to prevent the sale of books. We must have libraries, and may be glad of the advantages they offer the public, but the public should be also encouraged to buy books, and that cannot be done by keeping up the selling price at an artificial figure.

A GENTLEMAN writing to a Lancashire paper, *apropos* of the nine hours system, points out a method of calculating wages by the hour under the altered length of the working day. He says:—

> I have to suggest a plan by which the payment per hour may be readily converted by the workman into a definite sum per week, and the advance of wages be much simplified. One-ninth of a penny would at fifty-four hours be exactly sixpence; and if the rate per hour were fixed in ninths of a penny, the number of ninths divided by two would be shillings per week. For example, five 1-9d. per hour would be forty-six ninths, or twenty-three shillings, and an advance of two-ninths would be an advance of one shilling. In calculating wages a table could be drawn up with the number of hours, from quarter hours to fifty-four hours, with two columns, one giving the amount of wages for each rate per hour, the other the amount, with the addition of the per centage for overtime. The first column would show the wages due when the workman has not made full time, the second column would show the wages to be added to the full week as overtime. A printed copy of these tables could be hung up in view of the workmen when the wages were paid.

Of course the same figures may be used in the reverse way. For every sixpence the man earns in a week he may reckon that is one-ninth of a penny per hour. So, the man whose wages are twenty-five shillings per week (or fifty sixpences) earns fifty-ninths of a penny per hour, or fivepence and five-ninths of a penny. The practice of calculating a man's hourly wages by ninths will probably find favour on the more extensive adoption of the nine-hour system.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE make mention of MISS NELLY POWER under the heading "Plays and Players," which will be found on this page.

ULTRAMONTANE CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT MUNICH.

The Ultramontane Catholic Congress (or rather the annual meeting of the old German Catholics, who wage war against the new), at Munich, was this year celebrated on the 23rd September, in Glaspalast. Our sketch is taken from the general entrance opposite the speakers' platform.

POPE PIUS IX. AND HIS MINISTERS.

Pope Pius is represented in his private apartment surrounded by his cardinals and ministers. His Holiness is a member of the family of Ferretti, named Giovanni Marie Mastai Ferretti, born at Senegaglia, May 13, 1792, was intended for the army, but resolved to devote himself to the Church. For several years after his ordination he attended to his pastoral duties with exemplary self-devotion, and was nominated by Pius the Seventh on a mission to the Government of Chili, in South America, shortly after the recognition of the independence of that republic. The duties of this mission were performed by him with great discretion; and immediately on his return to Rome he was appointed by Leo XII. to one of the most important of the ecclesiastico-civil departments of administration. In 1836 he was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Naples, while the cholera was raging there, and his name is still revered by the poorer inhabitants of that city, in gratitude for his disinterested efforts to alleviate their sufferings. In 1840 he was created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola, in the Romagna, where much political disaffection existed; but he devoted himself to the duties of his diocese with so much zeal and self-denial, and displayed such liberality of sentiment, that he soon gained the affections of the people, and restored peace and tranquillity to the district. Pope Gregory XVI. died June 1, 1846, and Cardinal Ferretti was elected to the Papacy, under the name of Pius the Ninth, June 16. The new Pope at first acquired much popularity by favouring the hopes and wishes of the people for the reform of the gigantic abuses of the Papal government; and the enthusiasm not only of the Romans, but of the whole Italian people, was raised to the highest pitch. But the French revolution of 1848 gave a much more powerful impulse to the enthusiasm, not only of the Italian patriots, but of the friends of liberal institutions all over Europe; awakening a demand not for mere administrative reforms, but for popular systems of representative government. These sweeping changes the Pope was not prepared to support, and from that moment his popularity began to decline. A policy of reaction commenced, which only widened the breach between the Papal government and the people, and gave an impetus to the agitation for organic changes. The popular disaffection was greatly increased on his taking for his minister Count Rossi, one of the most aristocratic and unpopular men in Rome; and, indeed, the fury of the people could with difficulty be restrained. Count Rossi was assassinated Nov. 15, and Pius himself, a few days later, escaped from Rome in disguise, and arrived safely in Gaeta, the first town in the Neapolitan territory, whither he was followed by the members to the Papal court and the diplomatic corps. He sent of Rome an ordonnance, Nov. 27, declaring void all the acts of government, which he superseded by a State commission. This document the Roman Chambers treated with contempt, appointed a Provisional Government, and set about improving the victory they had achieved. The Pope remained nearly a year and a half at Gaeta and Portici, an object of sympathy as the head of the Roman Catholic Church. During his absence, Rome, which was in the possession of the native troops under Garibaldi, was besieged, and at last taken by storm by the French army under Gen. Oudinot, after sustaining some reverses. The Pope left Portici April 4, 1850, escorted by Neapolitan French dragoons, and accompanied by the King of Naples and several members of his family. He crossed the frontier at Terracina April 6, and re-entered Rome April 12, amidst the thunder of French cannon. His chief ecclesiastical acts, so far as they have been made public in this country, are the condemnation of the Irish Colleges, and the division of England into Roman Catholic dioceses in 1850; the formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in Dec. 1854; and the Encyclical of Dec. 1864. The latter document, which, by its strong Ultramontanism, destroyed all hope of union between Liberal Roman Catholicism and the Papacy, was provoked by the Franco-Italian Convention, which provided for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome by the end of 1866. In accordance with this treaty, the French troops were withdrawn, and the situation of the Pope has since been extremely precarious. Behind his Holiness is the celebrated Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli, who is a member of an Italian family of the middle class, and was born at Sonnino, April 2, 1806. Having been educated in Rome for the Church, he entered into orders, and having held several posts under the late Pope Gregory XVI., he was, June 11, 1847, raised to the dignity of a Cardinal Deacon by Pope Pius IX., under the title of St. Agatha. Cardinal Antonelli is Secretary of State to the Pope, President of the Council of Ministers, Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, and of the Sacred Congregation of Loretto, and of the Consulta. He is virtually the Prime Minister of the Pope, controls all formal and official transactions; and influences all matters relating to the diplomatic intercourse of the Papal court with the rest of Europe.

THE ROSENINSEL AT STARNBERG.

There are some charming retreats in Bavaria—hill and dale and brook and lake—but one of the finest and most romantic spots is at Starnberg, beside the Roseninsel. Our sketch was taken on a summer's day, under a clear sky. In the distance to the right is a cottage, bedded in a cluster of oaks, with the smoke from the chimney sailing above the tree tops, whilst in the foreground two of the village women are working at the nets in the open.

MURDER OF THE MINSTREL RIZZIO.

The tragic story in the life of Queen Marie Stuart recounting the murder of the minstrel Rizzio in her private apartment is here well told by the artist. Our engraving is from a picture by H. Castelli.

A QUARREL BETWEEN LOVERS.

There has been a quarrel between lovers. The unfortunate suitor, before departing, is vindicating himself to his charmer's father at the door, whilst the old granny is lecturing the offended maiden on her hastiness. It has evidently been a serious quarrel; the comely girl is turning a deaf ear to the old woman. She has set her teeth, and is looking at her young man the look of determination and defiance. She is a perfect little Katherine, but her lover does not look a Petruchio, and we fear it will go hard with him. Of course there will be a reconciliation, which in the true performing of it will "ask some tears."

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL

is described and commented upon in our last number.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

WE give on our first page a portrait of the charming burlesque actress, Miss Nelly Power, who is one of the three attractions at the Vaudeville, the other two being —well known. "Apple Blossoms" allows Messrs. James and Thorne good scope for their versatility. It is a most acceptable little comedy in the Robertsonian style, and though not put on the boards in a lavish manner, ought to run into the new year on the merits of the dramatist and one or two of the players. In the burlesque that follows (which is to be replaced by another from the same pen, entitled "Camarolzaman") Nelly Power is fascinating and full of life, and succeeds in all she attempts. It is equally agreeable to look at her or to listen to her.

We deeply regret to hear of Mr. Alfred Wigan's retirement from the stage. The *Daily News* of Wednesday in an article says:—"The dramatic profession in this country can ill afford to lose the presence of an actor whose performances have adorned it, and whose public and private character have elevated it in the general consideration and regard. His farewell engagement at Edinburgh has closed with a parting complimentary dinner, at which the chiefs of the learned and literary society of the Scottish capital—a Lord of Session as Chairman, the Solicitor-General as croupier, the Principal of the Edinburgh University, and other notable persons—were present to do honour to the guest who, as an artist, as Lord Neaves happily remarked, had never overstepped the propriety of nature, and who in 'real life' (where it is sometimes more difficult to play a part with ease and dignity than on the boards) enjoyed high esteem and respect."

Messrs. Irving and Odel in "Pickwick" at the Lyceum have fulfilled the promise of the first night. They have improved every week, and are now irresistible. The man who cannot laugh at them must be, we think, fit for "treasons, stratagems, spoils." The *Hornet* is very happy in its cartoon this week; "*Jingle.* Rum chap —very."

At Hengler's Cirque on Monday night a new spectacle was produced, entitled "The Lists of Ashby," taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel "Ivanhoe." The performance was carried out with fine effect, the whole of the company and the stud of horses being brought into play. At this place of amusement there are many attractions for lovers of equestrian and gymnastic feats. There are eight horses that dance "The Lorne Lancers," and "Le Menuet de la Cour" is also danced by horses. The performances of Miss Jenny Louise Hengler and Mr. John Milton Hengler are amongst the finest we have seen.

Mrs. Walter Montgomery made her *début* as a public reader at the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, on Monday evening. The readings were from Shakespeare and other authors, and included "The Bells."

At the Theatre Royal, South Shields, last week, there was a novel performance (or, as Bully Bottom would have said, a disfiguration) of "Hamlet." The lessee of the theatre played (with) the part of the melancholy prince. When he was delivering the soliloquy a disturbance arose in the gallery owing to the liveliness of a drunken man. The *Prince of Denmark* left the stage, and made his next appearance in the gallery, sword in hand. The local print says "he summarily ejected the noisy god," who "allowed a volley of oaths to escape from him." *Hamlet,* on returning to the stage, "preliminarily exclaimed, 'Hamlet is himself again,' and proceeded with his part." The combined powers of the player and journalist afford good entertainment.

At Rochester the other night, during the performance of a play called "Wrecked in Port," the "villen" was really stabbed, though, fortunately, not killed. The *Daily News* suggests that there is no need for the employment of real dirks in stage combats.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has during the week preserved the wonderful traditions of success that belong to his appearances in Liverpool. The Amphitheatre has been always filled to overflowing, and the necessity for providing increased accommodation for the audience has compelled the removal of the occupants of the orchestra from their usual seats.

Mr. J. L. Toole has been playing *Caleb Plummer* in "Dot" during the week at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

Miss Isabel Bateman is playing in "Fanchette" at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

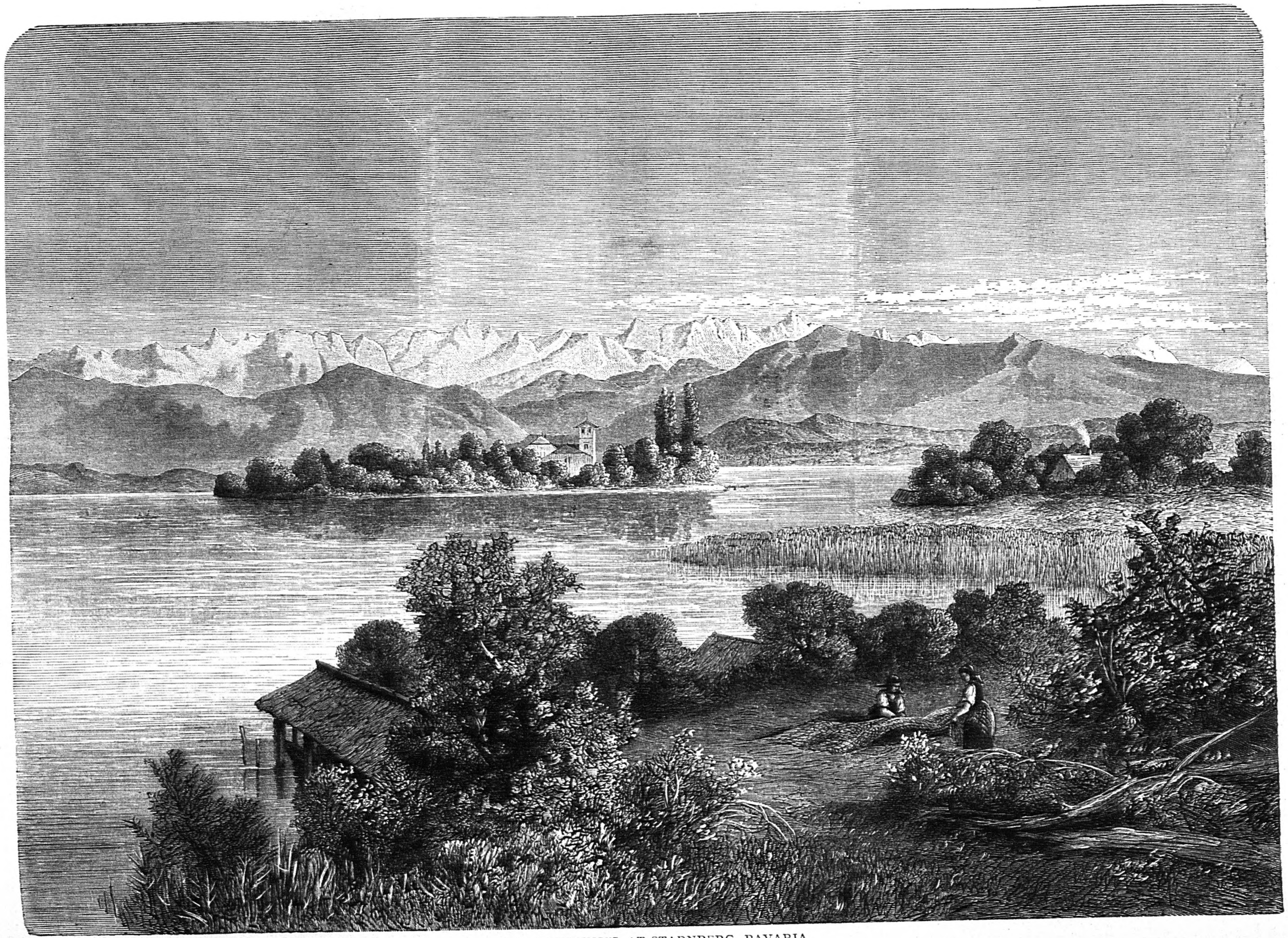
Mr. Falconer's "Eileen Oge" is the attraction at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

At Astley's Amphitheatre there is an attractive programme every evening. "The Return of the Heroes" introduces eight ladies and gentlemen and twelve highly trained horses. "The Last of the Race, or Warrior Women," is a fine equestrian spectacle, introducing a strong staff of artistes.

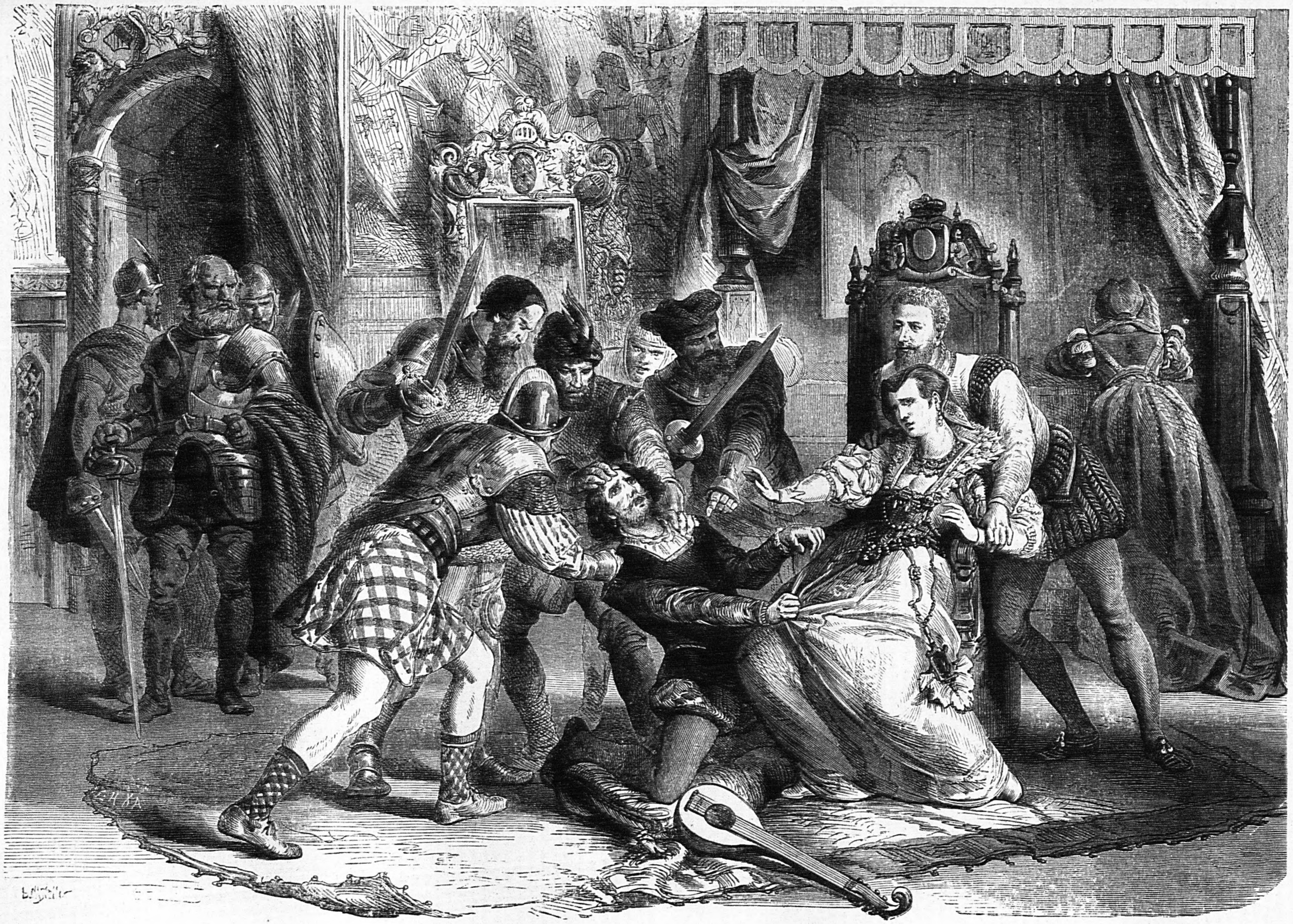
ENCKE'S COMET.

MR. T. W. BACKHOUSE, writing to the *Times* from Sunderland on the 9th inst., says:—"Last night Encke's comet was just visible to the naked eye as a faint star, but with an opera-glass it was plainly visible, and hazy, like a nebula. It was a very clear night, and the zodiacal light was visible in the part of the sky opposite to the sun—that is to say, in Aries and Pisces." We are informed that the comet was seen from the neighbourhood of Benton on Friday night, and last night from the Windmill Hills, both nights being very fine and clear, wlth bright displays of *aurora borealis* prevailing. Encke's comet, it may be stated, was first discovered by M. Pans, on the 26th November, 1818, but the observed motion could not be reconciled with the supposition of a parabolic orbit, the theory of comets first propounded by Newton in the "Principia." M. Arago remarked that its elements bore a strong resemblance to those of a comet which appeared in 1805; and Olbers, about the same time, was led in a similar manner to suspect its identity with a comet which appeared in 1795. It was reserved for Professor Encke, however, to find that the observations might all be satisfied by supposing the comet to move in an elliptic orbit, with a period of about three years and a half. The same astronomer computed perturbations, and from the success of his labours in these varied calculations, the comet came to bear his name.

EVIL TIMES seem to have overtaken our old City taverns, with which are associated the names of so many men who occupy high places in the republic of letters, or who have succeeded in stamping their names on the long roll of distinguished civic worthies One by one they are falling victims to the rage for modern improvements. Within a recent period, several of these "ancient hostelries" have undergone such complete transformation, that their patrons of a past generation would know them no more. Another has just been added to the list. The "Salutation" in Newgate-street, which is one of the oldest, and in some respects the best of its class, has changed hands, and the new proprietor, Mr. Lake, has put it through a process of such thorough repair and embellishment, as to make it a modern establishment second to none in the City. The "Salutation" was in former times a favourite resort of men well known to fame. The traditions of the place inform us that Sir Christopher Wren was a regular frequenter during the building of St. Paul's, and a former tenant used to point with pardonable pride to the corner where the great architect was wont to sit and watch the operations of the workmen. At a later period it was resorted to by Coleridge, Thomas Hood, Charles Lamb, and other littérateurs who have now passed away.



THE ROSENINSEL AT STARNBERG, BAVARIA.



MURDER OF THE MINSTREL RIZZIO IN THE APARTMENT OF MARIE STUART.

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

(From the Paris *Temps*.)

French Wit and English Humour.

On this rich soil flourish many original varieties of talent, all differing in aspect from what they have among us, the one sort being of larger growth, the other being stunted and distorted. Let me first speak of the variety of talent which is most commonly attributed to the French. I mean wit. This is the art of stating things in a pleasant way. My English friends think that it forms part of the French temperament. Sir Henry Bulwer writes in his "France, Social, Literary, and Political":—"I asked two little village boys, one seven the other eight years old, what they meant to be when they were men. Says one, 'I shall be the doctor of the village;' 'And you, what shall you be?' said I to the other; 'Oh! if brother's a doctor I'll be curé. He shall kill the people and I'll bury them—so we shall have the whole village between us.'" At Besançon I once heard two soldiers who were lying on a slope talking together; the one rising up said, "Come, it is time to begin work again." His comrade answered, "Pooh, lie quiet, our coppers will come all the same." A German general relates in his memoirs that after a day's skirmish a French hussar, who was brought in prisoner, had a huge slash across his face. The general said, "Have you received a sabre cut, my poor fellow?" "Pooh, I was shaved too closely this morning," was the reply. An ancient writer remarked that the two qualities most in fashion among the Gauls were courage and wit, and his Latin sentence exactly defines the spirit of conversation, the talent for coining apothegms, the liking for short, sharp, neat, impromptu, and happy phrases launched with gaiety or malice. Foreigners greatly admire this gift; they say that it is accompanied with taste, and that both of them are universal and developed among us. A little work-girl dresses well, has nice ways, and a pleasing address; a soldier and a workman are wide awake, circumspect, prepossessing in appearance and they can take and give a joke; this is the Southern "ingegno," spontaneous, easy, brilliant. That of the North is far more hampered and backward. In England a man belonging to the people is a lout, being a sensible lout at the best, while the members of the lower middle-class are but Guys clad in gaudy apparel, a long course of training being necessary in order to refine them. Civilisation here is not natural, but acquired, and neither elegance nor beauty is to be found except among the upper class. Among us a trace of it is perceptible in all classes, and that diffuses much pleasure and embellishment over human existence.

So far as I can judge, the English do not know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation. A Frenchman accounts the happiest moment of his life the period after supper in the private society of well-educated and intelligent men. The brains of all present are then in a state of agitation and effervesence. They converse and think in unison about the same exalted subjects, skipping from one to another in short, pithy phrases, and their general ideas, briskly launched, flutter like a swarm of insects. In the space of two hours the untrammelled talk has made the tour of the globe. Each one contributes a condensation of his thoughts in a jesting or serious style, with exaggeration, a dash of paradox and play of fancy, without meaning his sallies to be literally interpreted, and seeking anything else than a relaxation for his mind. Philosophy, science, morals, art, literature, all the treasures of the human intellect are there handled, not in heavy ingots, or in large sacks, but in pretty portable golden coins, beautifully engraved, and sparkling and jingling with a cheerful clink, as they are lightly manipulated by delicate fingers. It seems to be that these coins are rare in England, and that, in addition, they are not current. They are regarded as too thin; their alloy gives rise to suspicions. Far more readiness is shown in handling the rough and ponderous metal of which I have already spoken. The conversation indulged in is chiefly instructive; most frequently there is no conversation at all. Several inconveniences arise from this, and tedium is one of them; the mind wants entertainment. In Italy there are the opera and love-making, in Germany philosophy and music, in France the intellectual fireworks just described. Here, nothing is to be found except conscientious labour and useful production, assured and agreeable comfort. Happiness is not complete, however, when one enjoys a fine carriage, a well-appointed house, regular occupation, a seat in Parliament, and the prospect of a seat in Paradise: for amid all these good things, there are times when one yawns and feels depressed. Then the luggage is got ready, one steps on board a steamer, and proceeds in quest of change, of something to distract one's thoughts, of a glimpse of the sun.

As a compensation, the English make better after-dinner speeches than we do. Some of them may be read every week in the newspapers; several are delivered at every dinner where politicians, geographers, political economists, and men of science meet together; at the dinners of the Corporation, at dinners given in honour of distinguished personages or of illustrious foreigners. I can recall one at which, although unworthy of the honour, I was present in company of one of my French friends, a celebrated traveller. After dinner the chairman first proposed the Queen's health, and then the healths in turn of several persons present, saying, "I have the honour to propose the health of our eminent guest," so and so; then added a few sentences of praise, uttering the whole with grave cordiality, enlivened here and there with humour. For my part, I greatly admired the way in which he spoke, and especially the avoidance of what might weary his hearers. After the guest's health had been drunk he rose and replied: "I thank the gentlemen present and our worthy chairman for the flattering distinction," &c. Then followed some details, varying with the traveller's experience. The explorer of the Nile promised to join the first expedition sent forth to discover the sources of that river. The Arctic traveller said that his capacity for wintering amid ice had been developed by the hardy system of English education, and by early devotion to field sports. The colonist from Western Australia remarked that the place was well adapted for an English colony. Moreover, each gave vent to a little pæan over the energy of the Saxon race, the spread of English civilisation, the future of humanity, the advance of science. All present applauded by beating the table with their knives or hands; some cries of "hear, hear," were uttered; and one, two, three, four hurrahs were raised; some stood on their chairs and saluted the speaker by raising their glasses; the feeling of good fellowship became contagious, and the excitement was at its height. To this rather loud orchestra the successive speeches formed appropriate solos; the commonplaces of which they were composed were not misplaced; they did not repel by their coarseness, weary by their heaviness, nor shock by their solemnity—at least the English table companions were attuned to the occasion. My friend the French traveller would not join in the chorus; he whispered a request in the chairman's ear to be dispensed from making a speech. I asked him, "Why do you shirk your turn?" "Because either they would think what I should say was in bad taste, or else I should think so myself." He disliked spun-out sentences; thinking it affectation to indulge in them, especially at dessert; he preferred to launch a neat phrase, to carry on a jesting conversation with his neighbour, smilingly and in an undertone, to shadow forth his ideas. Here one does not hint a thing, but gives a detailed explanation, one likes to have it developed and emphasised. I suppose that they derive pleasure from having their nerves braced and their wills influenced by a collective excitement; a dinner of this sort is akin to a meeting, and ends more or less formally in resolutions, subscriptions, in a propaganda and in action.

A slashing journal affirms that no one can speak French without lying; the tongue exaggerates, "A thousand thanks," "I am enchanted with it," "A charming man." It is forgotten, however, that the hearer takes off the necessary discount. The truth is that our speech and our written style are filled with indications, half-expressed meanings, and nice distinctions. It seems to me that La Fontaine, Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Courier cannot be perfectly translated into English. Their perfume evaporates, their grace fades, their vivacity becomes heavy. A reviewer lately found fault with Rénan's "Vie de Jesus" on account of the "beautiful ambiguous sentences which appeared to express a point delicately, and expressed two contradictory things. Many English do not understand these refinements, and they charge our literature with falsity because their literary sense is obtuse. We can reply to them, in turn, that they cannot discuss without threatening one another with their fists. Their literary disputes are conducted with extraordinary virulence, in France the same style of discussion would lead to daily duels. Happily they consider that duelling is absurd, and that no defamatory piece of writing justifies an appeal to arms. Their debates resemble their boxing-matches; the combatants, having in turn mauled and knocked each other down, shake hands and bear no malice. After several months of reading of this kind, one becomes accustomed to it, and ends by finding that the plainness of the language is fully counterbalanced by the frankness of the accent, by the strength of the conviction, by the solidity of the reasoning, by the sincerity of the indignation, by the manly and sustained tone of the eloquence. It matters not if French wit be wanting; they have a form of it for their own use, which is indeed far from agreeable, but is entirely original, is powerful, poignant, and even slightly bitter in taste, like their national beverages. They call it "humour;" generally it is the pleasantry of a man who, though joking, maintains his gravity. It abounds in the writings of Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Dickens, Thackeray, and Sydney Smith; and in this particular the "Book of Snobs" and "Peter Plymley's Letters" are masterpieces. Much of it, more racy of the soil and rough in quality, is to be found in Carlyle. Sometimes it leads to buffoonery, sometimes to studied sarcasm. It powerfully affects the nerves, and becomes lastingly imprinted on the memory. It is the product of imaginative drollery, or of concentrated indignation. It delights in striking contrasts and in unexpected disguises. It clothes madness in the garments of reason, or reason in the garments of madness. Heinrich Heine, Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Montesquieu, at times, are those out of England who have been most largely endowed with it. Still there is a foreign element which must be abstracted from the three last. French sprightliness, joy, gaiety, is a kind of good wine only grown in the lands of the sun. In its insular and pure state it always leaves an after-taste of vinegar. The man who jests here is seldom kindly and is never happy; he feels and forcibly censures the inequalities of life. This yields him no amusement, for he suffers inwardly, and is irritated. In order to study oddities carefully, and deliberately sustain a piece of irony, it is necessary to be continuously affected by sadness and indignation. Perfect examples of this style must be sought for in the works of great writers, yet it is so indigenous that it is daily met with in ordinary conversation, in literature, in political discussions, and it is the current coin of *Punch*. The following is a specimen taken at random from an old number. It is a "Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury to a Member of Parliament:"—"House of Commons Library.—Dear Sir,—Lord P—— has handed me the letter in which you inform him that the Session is drawing to a close, that you have given to his lordship's policy a support alike judicious and unceasing, and that your services merit a recompence in the shape of a place. In reply to your letter I beg leave to remark that your first proposition is the only one about which Her Majesty's Government has the pleasure to agree with you, and for my own part, I have the honour to be, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient servant."

Do you like ale? Drink it, your palate will become habituated to it; as a beverage it is wholsome and, on the whole, strengthening. So is English humour.

AN ORDINATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The New York papers give the following particulars of the "ordination" of Mrs. Celia Burleigh as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Connecticut:—The church, a centenarian of ecclesiastical edifices, quaint and solid in structure, occupying the centre of a green, was crowded to its utmost with friends and strangers, curious to see the ordination of a woman to the ministry. Ex-Governor Cleveland and ex-State Treasurer Tainton, of Connecticut, were among the audience. In excellent harmony with the occasion, the pulpit was dressed with true womanly taste by ladies of the congregation with wreaths of bright autumnal leaves, mingled with snow-balls and garden flowers. In the centre a fragrant floral design of tuberoses and others, forming a heart, the gift of "Sorosis," occupied the centre, around which the free and abundant gifts of the people clustered. Vases of garden flowers and wild ferns adorned the pulpit and the high window sills all about the room, while the choir, in the old-fashioned box at the rear, were in ambush behind a wreath of golden leaves. A large cross of similar materials adorned the wall behind the pulpit. After an anthem by the choir, and the reading of Scripture by the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, an ordination hymn, composed for the occasion by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, New York, was sung. Rev. E. P. Tilden, of Boston, made an appropriate ordaining prayer. The pastoral charge was delivered by the Rev. Wm. Potter, of New Bedford. The Rev. Oscar Clute, of Vineland, New Jersey, gave the welcome to the ministry. The charge to the people was pronounced by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher was read by Mr. Tilden:—"Peekshill, October 3, 1871. My dear and Rev. Mrs. Burleigh,—Pardon my delay in replying to your note and its invitation. No one lives who would love to give you the right hand of fellowship to the Christian ministry more than I. Nor should I be afraid of the company around you. If I had the possible leisure, I should be tempted to break my long habit—I might also say principle—and attend your ordination. But, except where my personal relations oblige me to go, I never attend ordinations. Just now, having been absent three months, and every hour being overloaded, I cannot get away, and so you must take my good wishes on paper. I do cordially believe that you ought to preach. I think you had a 'call' in your very nature. Nor do I doubt that you will be both instructive and edifying. There are elements of the Gospel which a woman's nature ought to bring out far more successfully than a man can. We have no adequate expression yet for sympathy, for mercy, for pity, for love, in the sermons of men. It is these very elements that our civilisation and our popular Christianity need. The illustration and application of these Divine qualities to all these phases of character, to the household culture, to public sentiment, to secular affairs, to civil procedure, constitute a life's work, and if done with thoroughness and power would produce the effect, almost, of a new Gospel. I do not disdain the claims of abstract Truth, nor of Justice, nor even of Severity. But these have been disproportionately prominent in the theology of the schools and the preaching of the pulpits. However, I did not mean to write a sermon or a criticism. Hoping for you a long and a successful ministry, I am, very truly yours, Henry Ward Beecher.—Mrs. Celia Burleigh."—The doxology was sung and the benediction then pronounced by the pastor; after which the guests from abroad mingled in social intercourse in the room below. The affair created great interest in the neighbourhood, and many clergymen who were present tendered the use of their respective pulpits for exchange.

A City Destroyed by Floods.—The *Pioneer* (Allahabad) of September 23, says:—"We deeply regret to record a sudden and great disaster. Jounpur was a fine native city of the second class. It contained nearly 9,000 houses and more than 25,000 inhabitants. The River Gumti rose suddenly on the night of Friday the 15th of September, flooding most of the mohullas south of the river and one or two on the north of it. It continued to rise all Saturday; before noon the Rohuta Mohulla, Goolar Ghat, Jehangerabad, Wellandgunj, and Joyeapur presented the appearance of canals; before evening the foundations of the houses began to give way, and then one by one they came crashing down, dissolved by an element as devouring as fire. All Sunday the waters continued to rise, and covered the roadway of the far-famed Mahometan bridge; the fine pucka serai was now flooded, and crowds who had taken refuge there were driven to seek another resting place. All Monday and Tuesday the waters grew mightily and prevailed; the river by this time flowed freely over the parapets of the bridge, of which only the shops or kiosks were then visible, and the floods were still rising when the last tidings reached us. The whole of the city south of the river has been totally destroyed; and as some people are sceptical when they hear of native losses, we may add that the post-office, mission school, and solidly-built dispensary have all likewise perished. On the north side of the city many mohullas have been swept away, and in the chief bazaars the largest houses, undermined by the rising waters, were tumbling in one after another with a crash like that of thunder. On a moderate computation between two and three thousand houses have been destroyed; many others must undergo demolition. Ten thousand persons have been deprived of house and home, and it will require all the energy of district officers and the greatest liberality on the part of Government to prevent this calamity being followed by the ills incident to want and exposure. This disaster, accompanied as it is by a deficient harvest and a second total failure of the indigo crop, will, we fear, inflict a blow from which the city and district will never wholly recover. It is believed that no lives have been lost."

The Swiss National Council has adopted the propositions of its committee relative to the centralisation of the Swiss military system.

LITERATURE.

"MOONSHINE:" Fairy Stories. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. (London: Macmillan and Co.) The member for Sandwich (who has been credited with having written the article in *Macmillan's*, "How is the Work of the Nation Done?") is already well known as a successful writer of fiction for the nursery. "Stories for My Children" and "Crackers for Christmas" (the author's previous efforts) contain charming stories for children. The composition is smooth and graceful, and the style entices the young reader from page to page unto the end. The author has full sympathy with fairy tales, and understands the work thoroughly. He can give to "airy nothing" not only "a local habitation and a name," but a fantastic reality that is delightful. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen dedicates his book to the children of merry England, of all sizes and ages, and addresses them as follows:—"So many of you have read my two books, 'Stories for my Children,' and 'Crackers for Christmas,' that I am tempted to try you with a third. Some of the wise people who write in newspapers and reviews want to persuade me that there are no such things as Ogres, and that the days of Fairies are past and gone. I have not seen an ogre very lately, so perhaps they may be right so far; but they must be poor, dull, heavy-brained people not to believe in the dear little fairies! You and I know better, at all events, and in the warm summer evenings when the sun has gone to bed and all is calm and still—in the bright, fresh spring mornings, before the busy world is awake and stirring—in the autumn woodlands, when the brown tint has just begun to darken the green leaves—and in the winter, when the curtains are drawn close and the logs of wood crackle on the hearth and make the merry sparks fly upwards like spirits just set free from their earthly prison—at all these times *we* know that the fairies are abroad, tender and sprightly little elves, who put merry thoughts into our hearts, tempered always by kind and loving feelings, such as bless those to whom they come, and make all around them happy and cheerful. Let us love the little elves still, my children, and keep our childish fondness for them as long as we may. You will find in this book one or two old friends brought out in new garments. Why not? Mutton is mutton all the world over; but if out of the ancient roast mutton of the 'Three Wishes' and the 'Fairy Godmother' I have made 'a haricot' and an 'Irish stew' and called them 'Potter's Gift' and 'Mulligatawny,' I don't see that anybody has a right to complain. And in spite of the dull and learned people who object, I have given you an ogre, a dwarf, a witch, a wizard, quantities of elves and fairies, and several animals, who speak like mortal men and women. So I hope you will like the book, and think kindly of the author, who loves you all well, and does his best to put pleasant, happy thoughts into your hearts as you read his stories." We earnestly recommend "Moonshine" to all who have the purchasing of literature for the nursery. The work is excellently got up, and the illustrations are of the highest class.

NEW MUSIC.

(London: Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.)

ALONE. Song. Written by Mrs. R. B. Tritton. The music composed by Miss M. Lindsay (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss).

SPEAK WELL OF THE ABSENT. Song. Written by C. P. Russell. Music by W. T. Wrighton.

REGRET. Song. The words by Mrs. Francis Blackwood. The music composed by Anne Fricker.

EXERCISES ON ARPEGGIOS. By Charles Chaulieu.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN. Arranged for the Pianoforte by G. F. West.

THE CROWN LANDS.

THE annual report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests has been issued. From this it appears that, excluding the land belonging to individuals over which the Crown possesses no rights whatever, or merely a bare forestal right, the Royal forests and woodlands, exclusive of Windsor, extend to about 100,000 acres. Of that quantity not more than one-fifth part, or about 20,000 acres, belong to the Crown absolutely free from the rights of the Commoners. The whole of these 20,000 acres (with the exception of some barren heath and boggy land adjoining and intermixed with the Crown plantations at Woolmer, which land is let to the War Department, and a few acres of moss in Delamere) are planted or otherwise occupied. Upon the remaining four-fifths, which are subject, when unenclosed, to rights of common by a numerous body of persons, there are in the open forests about 7,000 acres of oak and beech, principally of indigenous growth, and about 30,000 acres of young and growing timber, which has been planted in enclosures, under the provisions of various Acts, by which the Crown is empowered to enclose and plant certain limited quantities of the commonable land, and to keep them enclosed until the timber is beyond danger from cattle, &c. The duties and powers of management exercisable by the Commissioners of Woods extend therefore over 100,000 acres, although but little more than half of that area yields any return to the Crown. In 1854 three surveyors inspected the Royal forests and woodlands, by direction of the Lords of the Treasury, and expressed their opinions of the young plantations, to the extent of 30,000 acres, that had been made, partly on the freehold and partly on the commonable lands in the principal forests between 1808 and 1854, in the following terms:—"They (the young plantations) were originally planted with extreme care, their situations judiciously chosen, the land well prepared, and the plants properly protected with nurses. Viewing these plantations as a whole, we feel quite justified in representing to your lordships that not only is their state such as to merit approval, but, having reference to their regularity, growth, and prospective ultimate development, they are not surpassed by any forest property in the kingdom." Since that date further land has, under the provisions of various Acts of Parliament, been planted, and at the present time there are upwards of 40,000 acres that have been formed since 1808 in the Royal forests and woodlands. The age of those plantations varies from one to about sixty years, and, as an oak requires upwards of 100 years to bring it to maturity, it follows that none of the trees planted since 1808 have attained more than about one-half of their full growth.

The following facts relate to the proceedings of the Commissioners of Woods since 1851:—That they have realised about £1,640,000 by the sale of property that it was not desirable for the Crown to retain, nearly one-half of that sum being derived from land, &c., in the occupation of tenants in England that realised thirty-three years' purchase of the annual value, and the residue being derived from manors, quit-rents, enfranchisements, and other unimprovable properties. That they have invested £1,330,200 in the purchase of land at the rate of about twenty-nine years' purchase of the annual rental. That in the past year, 1870-71, the net income was forty-four per cent. larger than the net income of 1850-51. That the forest and woodlands have been preserved as nurseries for navy timber under the special directions of Parliament, and that they have been reported by three surveyors appointed by the Lords of the Treasury, to be "not surpassed by any forest property in the kingdom." That the agency, local management, and collection of the revenue (about £400,000 a year), from the landed estates, exclusive of Windsor Park and the forests, cost only about three per cent.; and that the net cost of the official establishment has not increased five per cent. since 1861, while the net income has increased forty-four per cent.

SEVENTEEN.

SWEET brow, upturn; hand, close the book;
White thumb and finger, tear no more
The shining leaves that win a look
From the old bard's enchanting lore.
A Summer noon, asleep and still;
A high-arched sky and shadeless croft:
And thou entranced! Ascend the hill
To yonder pines, and muse at will,
'Neath cushats cooing low and soft.

No need, like those Venetian dames,
To ask the sun to gild thy hair;
'Tis very gold! Thy pure face claims
At fierce noontide a nicer care.
The panting lark hides from the heat,
The throstle flutes not in the grove,
Through the dry air with languid beat
The brown bee twangs. Awake, my sweet!
I'll tell thy fortune—and thy love.

Ah, I was right! Your radiant eyes
And kindling cheek and beating heart,
And lips that stir in shy surprise—
I see the cherished secret start.
Deem not the reading sibylline;
From what has been to what shall be,
I trace my shrewd prophetic line;
And, hist! Thy life I intertwine
With one whose life is on the sea.

LIFE IN NEVADA.

A MINER'S life in Nevada is not an enviable one. As a curious photograph of the state of society In that State this extract from a letter from Pioche is amusing:—"Pioche is the county seat of Lincoln County, a mining camp a year old. It is on the Great American Desert, and situated between bare mountains, looking over a bare dry plain. Water has to be brought eight miles by waggon, and is sold at six cents. per gallon. There are about 1,200 people here, the half of whom have been in State Prison (stage and highway robbers, &c.), and the rest ought to be. Our graveyard has forty-one graves, of which but two are filled by death from natural causes. The rest all died with their boots on. Shot mostly; some cut. One shooting scrape took place in the bank, in which Mike Casey killed Tom Gossin, after receiving Gossin's fire. There is no law. Any one feeling aggrieved seeks redress generally with his pistol. It's been a close game for me several times. I got cut in the leg once, but I am here yet. I sleep with a big bull-dog, a Henry rifle, and a six-shooter. The mines (silver) employ about 600 men, about 100 are in business, and the rest are blackguards of the worst kind. Cattle thieves, renegade Mormons, and men who are banished from society by their crimes, and ready for anything. It's thirty miles to railroad or telegraph; we have three stages a week and one mail. I'm done very well here, and would have made some money, but two of my partners in a claim were killed, and I can't go on alone. My life has been attempted twice by the party who killed my partners. I don't allow any man to scare me if I can have a show; but when it gets down to cases where you dare not sit by a window or by an open door after dark, it's time to jump the game. If ever I get back to California, I think I'll stay there; anyway, I've got enough of this kind of living. I'm tired of packing a six-shooter around night and day."

ACCORDING to a telegram from Constantinople, the cholera is increasing in that city.

IT is hoped that the Queen will be able to bear the journey southward next week.

THE two appeals in the Dyce-Sombre case—involving a million sterling—were concluded on Saturday; judgment was reserved.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

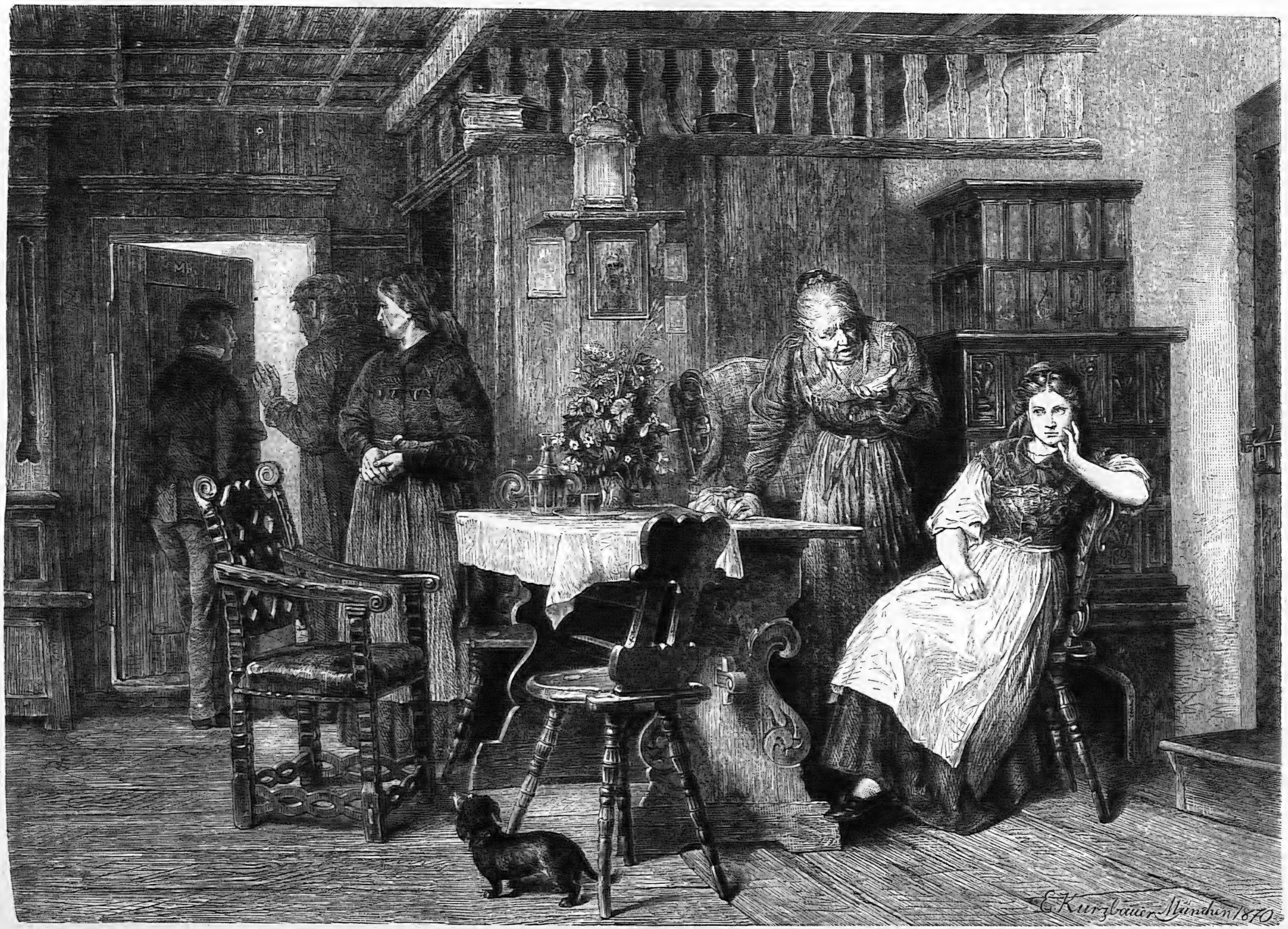
SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmith's Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

A NIGHT IN FAIRYLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* gives a description of a grand ball—a night in fairyland, he terms it—given at Tiflis, the chief town of the Caucasus, in honour of the Emperor Alexander. At a mile from the town, at the end of a broad, straight road, bordered on each side by trees and water, are the public gardens; in these a beautiful building in the Alhambra style was built, with a court in front; so one drove a mile down a road, the whole length of which was lighted by two rows of Chinese lamps, hung from tree to tree, and a row of lights at the water's edge, and entered the gardens, which were lighted by large stars of different colours, and lamps of all shades, hanging to the trees. Pulling up at the entrance of the court, of which the light and airy form was shown by thousands of little coloured lamps, a view of a fairy ball-room opened out. So light was its structure, so graceful its columns, so harmonious its colours, that at first I could hardly believe my eyes; and then it was peopled by men of all nations and dresses. Side by side stood one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, in the simple uniform, and a turbaned giant, whose dress and savage face proclaimed him a Kurd; here a knot of Armenian merchants and Russian officers brushed by each other. The uncle to the present Shah of Persia and his suite next claim our attention; he has been sent as ambassador extraordinary to congratulate the Emperor on his safe arrival. He is a small man, but pleasant in manners and of great dignity. Less so is his fellow-ambassador, the Turk, whom we find later on surrounded by his dreamy suite, who, with bent heads and silent tongues, are huddled up in a corner of the ante-room, deeply interested in their boots. Here we have at the ball Georgians, Circassians, Lesghans, Tartars, Persians, Kurds, Turks, Russians, Germans, English, Greeks, Austrians, Prussians, and French, all in their different uniforms and dresses. The Imperial party danced among the rest, and about ten went off into the garden, where were collected at supper, at the sides of the grape-covered alleys, all the different inhabitants of Georgia, each dressed as at home, eating at his own table, singing their own songs to the music of the country instruments. Each turn brought to view a different group. In the centre were fountains of red and white wine, a pyramid of fruit and flowers, and further on a gigantic roast of a bullock and a sheep whole; but, though there were thousands of natives thus employed, not a policeman was to be seen, not a drunkard; all were orderly and quiet, their pleasure and ours aided by a beautiful still night. Fireworks began at eleven, and were most beautiful in design, and much aided by the scenery. The gardens are flat, and slightly raised above the river, which runs at their whole length. On the opposite side are high and steep cliffs, down which fell cascades of fire; forts were holding engagements with men-of-war in the river, each disappearing before the battle was gained, clouds of ambitious rockets reflecting themselves in the river, seeming to try heaven's height and earth's depth. A lull came, and on a lighted raft passed a collection of Georgians dancing and singing. Another followed, on which was a Georgian marriage conducted with shouts and songs; a third contained a Georgian supper and a celebrated singer. More fireworks, and the lighting of the Imperial monogram was the signal for the band stationed on the opposite cliffs to strike up the National Hymn, which was responded to by some hearty cheering, the whole mass of guests rising from their seats. The ball was again resumed, and after the commencement of the mazurka, the Emperor left, taking with him, as he told the Mayor of Tiflis (the chief of arrangements), the remembrance of a sight he would never forget, and leaving his hearty thanks to the good people of Tiflis for a pleasure which, aided by their beautiful climate, could not be experienced in any other part of his Majesty's dominions. A substantial remembrance was given the Imperial party—a room covered from ceiling to floor with rare Persian carpets, and its contents of embroidered gold and silver chairs, cushions, with the gold-mounted arms, drinking horns, and musical instruments of Georgia.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE IN QUEENSLAND.—Mr. Anthony Trollope has been recently entertained at a public dinner given to him by the people of Rockhampton, in Queensland. He told them some wholesome truths, on which his hearers may chew the cud with advantage. Mr. Trollope said:—"Although you all say that everything is going wrong, and although you are all complaining, yet I never see a man that does not eat three meals a day. (Laughter.) It is not so at home. There you often find men that taste meat only three times a year. Here I see no one without clothes, if not of the best kind, yet appropriate to his position. There, you often see a man clothed in tatterdemalion rags, who wears a coat cast off by some reduced gentleman, that belonged to some flunkey before him, and perhaps a nobleman before that. You never see that here. (Cheers.) In England they are only considering how to educate the poor. Here, the children of the poorest are educated. I am surprised to find that even where the population is very limited, a free school is established, to which the children of the poor and rich flock together. (Cheers.) When I hear you grumble I cannot understand the language you use. You are impatient because you can't take wings, as the eagle, and fly right off to heaven. (Cheers.) You are really in a very prosperous state. As a stranger, I have one piece of advice to give you—perhaps not to you, but to your children—and that is, do not be so much in a hurry. When you see what is your state and also what you have done, what is the position of labour—for, after all, that is the main thing—you have no reason to complain. The aim of all political energy is to raise the labourer, and the labourer here occupies a grand position. I have gone a little beyond my programme, for I came to observe and learn, and hope you will excuse me."

THE Home Secretary states that a Bill for Regulating the Local Government of London is not to be included amongst the Ministerial measures of next session.


E. Kurzbauer München 1870

A QUARREL BETWEEN LOVERS.

GERMAN INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE.

Not in politics only (says the *Times* Prussian correspondent) is this an unprecedented time in Germany. Commercial affairs have likewise assumed an extraordinary aspect in this country. I have already told you that the war did not sensibly interfere with business. Since the conclusion of peace, the commercial vitality of the country has been steadily on the increase. Every branch of trade has been flourishing. Money was wanted, and could be had in unexampled quantities. If there were a shadow to the bright picture offered by the economical condition of the day, it was the scarcity of labour, in every department of manufacture—nay, of human activity. The impetus given to commerce in these prosperous days has led to a result which, as it will be more lasting than a transient increase of demand over supply, deserves to be recorded among the notable facts of the times. We have had a complete mania for the establishment of shareholding companies. The movement opened with the foundation of new banks. These, the moment they were called into existence and began to live and breathe, set to work and created an unlimited number of other companies like unto themselves. The thing has now been going on for five or six months, and as yet there is no sign of exhaustion. After all the financial and commercial institutions set a going since the summer, there is money enough left for "promoters" to continue the lucrative business of "founding" with unabated vigour. In less than a fortnight the Berlin Exchange, with its sister establishments at Frankfort, Breslau, Hamburg, &c., have been expected to takeup shares to the amount of 64,000,000 thalers, or about £10,000,000. Though coming close upon many similar calls, this anticipation has been answered to a large extent. The meaning of this is evident. The savings of the country are considerably in excess of what they were but a few years ago. Rich people have fortunes to lend out. Small capitalists, abandoning the cautious habits to which they have hitherto adhered, no longer confine their investments to mortgages, but likewise patronise industrial and financial enterprise. The number of this thrifty class being legion in Germany, it is probably owing to their appearance in the market at last that the pecuniary resources of the country seemed to have been suddenly swelled so very surprisingly. At any rate, their disinclination to give new mortgages or to prolong existing ones, as formerly, is a remarkable feature in the financial tactics of the day, and cannot be otherwise accounted for than by their turning in a body to a more venturesome, but a more profitable, field of investment. In the larger towns, where house building has so long mainly depended upon their ready support, their sudden facing about has produced a perfect calamity. Nothing is now more difficult to procure in Berlin, Breslau, Frankfort, and other cities than a roof over your head. Builders being left in the lurch by their usual auxiliaries have not the wherewithal to go on, and as industrial speculation is the order of the day, their attempts to form shareholding companies to deal in land and houses find but scanty favour in the eyes of the public. Only quite lately, after rent had gone up to a fabulous figure, not a little in excess of London prices for the middle and poorer classes, some German and English companies have been formed to shelter the well-to-do but roofless inhabitants of the various German capitals. But although what has been done in this line is nothing in comparison to what is required, the means placed at the disposal of builders are still limited, the tide of gold continuing to flow in the direction of banks and manufactures. The banks—and this is another circumstance to be noted—to employ their capital will have to open a much more liberal credit to manufacturers than has been hitherto thought consistent with a discreet policy. I am probably not mistaken when I anticipate that the strength of German manufacturers will be sensibly increased in consequence, and that the dearth of capital under which the greater part of them have laboured so long will be remedied by this tardy but by no means contemptible supply. The establishment of so many manufacturing companies, with ample means, will be likewise attended with the result of promoting industry and presenting a more formidable front to competitors.

POLITICAL PLUNDER.

In New York city the movements against Tammany are still pursued with such want of vigour that grievous complaints are made of the time and opportunity so sadly wasted. The grand jury, it is said, has declined to indict Mayor Hall, but at the same time passed a vote of censure upon him for negligence in the discharge of his duties. Tammany has this week nominated full sets of candidates for all the city offices in November, while the opposing factions are endeavouring to agree upon their candidates, which, however, they have as yet only accomplished in part. Tammany is pushing the election campaign much more energetically than its opponents. Lists in the *New York Tribune* are published of the investments in real estate and bonds of the leading members of the Ring to show how much money New York politicians can make. In the past four years Richard B. Conolly has invested $2,300,691; William M. Tweed, $4,474,954; and Peter B. Sweeney, $1,479,736, while the total transactions of the three Ringmasters have amounted to $10,775,651. Mayor Hall during this period is credited with $150,000 investments. The announcement is made that Mr. Charles O'Conor, who has charge of the legal operations of the Committee of Seventy, and with whom the Attorney-General of the State is associated, will at once begin proceedings against Tweed. The exact nature of the suit to be brought has not transpired, but it is believed Tweed will be arrested on a criminal charge, evidence having been obtained from the Controller's office and in other ways that will support the charge. Tweed is a candidate for State Senator at the November election, and the evidence that will be adduced is said to be of such a character as "will prevent Tweed from appearing before the people as a candidate for any public trust."

The Famine in Persia.—A despatch from Colonel Pelly, the British resident at Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, published in the Bombay papers, states that the people near that place are starving, and the greatest distress prevails. The winter is approaching, and the earliest harvest cannot be reaped until the end of April or the beginning of May, and there appears no means to keep the people from starving during the interval. Meanwhile Colonel Pelly, with the British Residency besieged from day to day by thousands of starving people clamorous for bread, had only money enough in hand to relieve, till the end of October, the wants of the most necessitous among them by the distribution of doles amounting to not more than 36r. a day in all. Drought had been severely felt in Yezd, and it is said the Zoroastrians there are preparing to leave *en masse*.

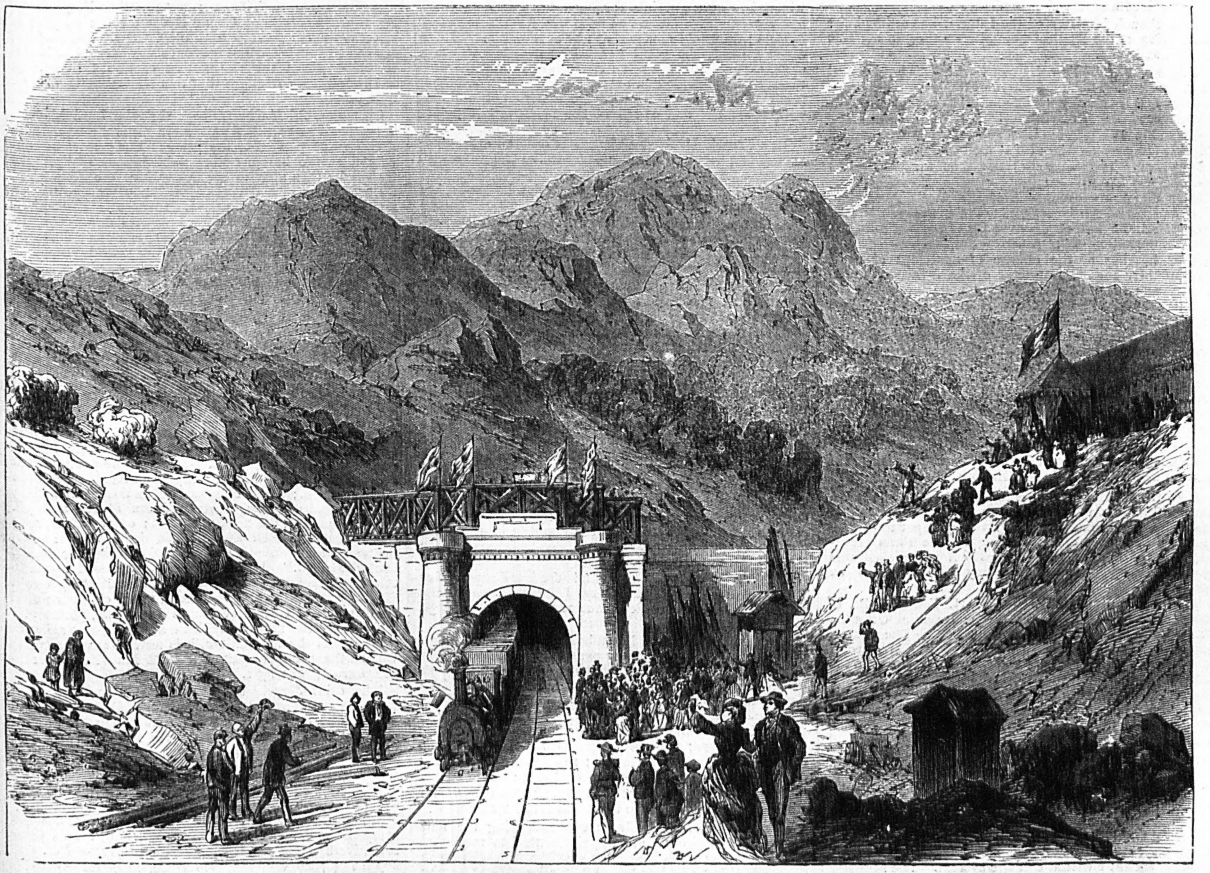
REFORM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The reform of the House of Peers, as the Second Chamber in our representative system, is, says the *Standard*, a very fair subject of discussion. We can understand those who would do away with the hereditary Peerage altogether, those who would make it elective like the American Senate, or a body of nominees of the Sovereign—that is, of the reigning Ministry, like most of the Upper Houses in the modern sham constitutions. But the practice of Mr. Gladstone is not consistent with any intelligible theory. He seems bent only on the degradation of the Upper House into an instrument of his own ambition. He regards the privilege of making new peers as though it were a perquisite attached to the Premiership, and knows no other qualification than devotion to himself and fidelity to his interests. He thinks no more of making a new peer out of the chairman of his election committee than of making a canon of Worcester out of a Gladstonian clergyman, or a knight out of a Liberal electioneering agent. It is no wonder that there should be a clamour for the reform of the Upper House, when we perceive that the very man whose duty it is to maintain its dignity and to add to its strength, is doing his best to give point and shape to the popular dissatisfaction. To begin by spoiling the institution which by and by he may be called upon to destroy is a shrewd device, and an easing of the conscience for the future. Given a House of Peers all made up of Mr. Gladstone's personal friends and admirers, and it would certainly require only three efforts of thinking to convince any man that the time was come for another feat of disestablishment.

The Murder at Montmartre.—The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing on Friday night, says:—Yesterday, before the ex-Maire Clémenceau left the Court at Versailles, a most sensational document was read, in which the aide-de-camp of General Clément Thomas related the efforts he had made to recover the bodies of the murdered officers. After many difficulties, he managed to obtain the necessary permission. "It was on the 21st of March," says this document, "that we went to the cemetery of St. Vincent, where we found the keeper Villemain, who told us that some men had brought in two bodies late the night before. These men when in the principal alley emptied their stretchers in the most brutal manner; they recommended the keeper to toss the remains into the common ditch, and gave him the contents of the generals' pockets, with the exception of ten francs. Villemain, who is an old soldier, respecting the dead, had the bodies put into two coffins and placed them in the vault belonging to the city," &c. When the body of General Thomas was stripped nineteen bullet wounds were counted, and, in addition to this, it was clear that he had been severely beaten. An examination of the body of General Lecompte showed that he must have received several shots while on the ground, as the soles of his boots were riddled. The sensation caused by the reading of this statement was only equalled by that produced when the Clerk of the Court opened a box and exposed the blood-stained clothes in which the two generals met their deaths. Lieutenant-Colonel Mereau, General Clément Thomas's aide-de-camp, gave it as his opinion that over 100 shots were fired at his chief.

The *John Bull* has reason to believe that a Conservative candidate will seek the suffrages of the Dover constituency.

No further Cabinet Councils will be held this month.



MONT CENIS TUNNEL: The South-Eastern Entrance.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Count Andrassy has accepted the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, rendered vacant by the resignation of Count Beust. Herr von Lonyay will, it is thought, succeed Count Andrassy as President of the Hungarian Ministry.

Three meetings of the Cabinet were to be held before Christmas, the first of which is fixed for the 11th of December.

The Spanish Cortes on Saturday passed a vote of confidence in the policy of the Ministry with regard to the International.

A collision took place on Saturday on the line of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, at the bottom of a steep gradient known as the Werneth Incline. The engine which takes the last train from Victoria Station to Oldham always returns to Miles Platting without carriages, and at the time of the collision was proceeding thither. A goods train, however, was on the line between the Werneth and Middleton Junction stations, and the engine of the passenger train, containing the driver, the stoker, and the guard, dashed into the engine of the goods train with great violence. The driver of the passenger engine and the stoker were bruised, but the guard, Jonas Dobson, sustained the most serious injuries. The engines were greatly damaged by the concussion, and the driver and stoker of the goods engine also received a severe shaking.

The French Minister of the Interior has ordered the dissolution of the Radical Committee sitting in the Rue Grolée, at Lyons.

One-half of the French Councils-General have closed their sessions. The composition of the permanent Commissions is generally satisfactory. Very few councils have passed illegal resolutions.

The ship Ionia, laden with palm oil, got aground off Meckie (Lagos) on the 15th of October, and became a total wreck. The mate and two men were drowned; nothing was saved.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News* says that, in spite of the assurances to the contrary, it is easy to see that the fall of Count Beust is the beginning of the disintegration of the Austrian Empire.

The hearing of the charge of contempt of court against Mr. Pigott, proprietor of the *Irishman* newspaper, was resumed on Saturday morning before the judges who presided at the trial of Kelly. Mr. Butt argued that the power of attachment demanded by the Solicitor-General was an arbitrary one, that the preliminary proceedings ought to have been in the shape of interrogatories, and that a criminal information, or an indictment, would have met the justice of the case. The Solicitor-general contended, however, that the circumstances fully warranted the step which he had taken. On Monday Mr. Pigott was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

The supporters of Senor Zorilla have proposed a vote of censure against the Spanish Ministry.

A deputation of the directors of the Bank of France have waited upon M. Thiers to consult the Chief of the Executive on the proposed issue of paper money to meet the deficiency of small change. The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* says "it is believed this plan of tiding over the currency difficulty will be adopted."

The acceptance by Mr. Morgan H. Foster, C.B., of the post of Director-General of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople is announced. The post is vacant by the resignation of Lord Hobart. Mr. Foster has just retired from a long and honourable career in the Civil Service.

At Bolton, on Saturday, a great trades union demonstration took place. Several thousand persons employed in the coal, iron, cotton, building, and other trades, marched through the town, and subsequently passed resolutions against the coercion clauses in the Trades Acts, and calling upon Government for their repeal.

The German Coinage Bill was read a first time in the Reichstag on Saturday. Herr von Delbrück said it had become clear that a unity of coinage for all Germany could not be nchieved to the exclusion of any one of the existing systems, and therefore the present bill contained an independent national coinage system. The Minister of Finance, Herr von Camphausen, declared that the prices of bullion had gone down some months ago, which caused the Government to hasten the coinage of gold pieces.

The fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company has this year been reinforced by five new steamships of a larger and superior class to those previously employed, having, in addition to the elegant accommodation provided for passengers, great capacity for carrying cargo.

The French press generally considers the speech of Mr. Gladstone at Guildhall as excessively optimist, and contests the assertion that the peace of Europe was never more assured. Some journals argue from the speech that the interest of France lies henceforth in a Russian alliance.

The "mountain equipment," consisting of mountain guns and carriages, stores of various kinds, pack-saddles, &c., is in course of transmission from Woolwich to Shoeburyness, for a more extended trial than that to which it has been subjected at Woolwich.

Another composite gunboat, to be called the *Merlin*, will be launched at the Pembroke Dock on the 24th. The *Mosquito*, a gunboat of the same class, is in a forward state.

The disarmament of the National Guard is progressing very quietly in the French provinces. The disarmament has just been completed at Toulouse and Toulon, and has commenced in the department of the Isère. The resolution of three or four more Councils General have been annulled by the Government; but, generally, the Councils have confined themselves to their proper business. One half of them have already closed their sessions.

According to the *Railway News*, the title of the company formed by the union of the Caledonian and North British Lines will be the Scottish Union Railway, and the agreement is to be for a term of twenty years.

Monsignor Chigi, the Pope's Legate, had a long audience on Saturday with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. The *Constitutionnel* states that the subject of discussion was the intended protest of the Pope, in which he will declare himself King of Rome. The *France* announces that the Pope has intimated to the French Government his intention of leaving Rome and taking up his residence in France.

The *Homeward Mail* says:—"Military men in India are taking every available means to urge at the present suitable moment their claims for compensation. We further hear from military circles a good deal about the Loshair expedition and the camp of exercise. Officers at head-quarters leave Simla for the Delhi camp about December 8."

The number of students in Edinburgh University who have matriculated is 1,533, showing an increase over last year of 200.

The *Magnet* says that sharp frosts have checked the premature development of vegetation. From the agricultural districts the reports respecting the condition of affairs have been, on the whole satisfactory. Further progress has been made with sowing, and seldom have farmers had a more favourable seed time. The seed wheat has been got into the ground in good condition, and a secure foundation has been laid for a future crop. A little rain would now perhaps be acceptable. Where above ground, the plant generally presents a vigorous appearance. There is a fair supply of grass in the pastures, and the cattle can obtain a good feed. With but few exceptions the root crops are turning out well, but complaints are still heard of the result of the potato yield.

The French Minister of War has ordered commandants of corps to deliver new colours to the troops without making speeches on the occasion.

The Tiber, which threatened to overflow its banks, has now begun to fall.

A bill will be brought forward next session constituting commissioners with powers to pump the water out of the flooded mines of North Staffordshire, and keep them free from water when they have been cleared.

The *Surrey Advertiser* reports that a fatal accident occurred at Addlestone on Guy Fawkes' Day. It appears that two young men named Joseph Gurney and Robert White, whitesmiths, in the employ of Mr. Thurlow, of Addlestone, had taken a small iron cannon from their employers' premises and fired it three or four times. When surrounded by a number of persons, the cannon, which was about twelve inches long and half an inch thick, with a barrel of about an inch in diameter, burst, a piece of the fragments striking Gurney with such force as to entirely smash the upper and lower right jaw; and another piece struck White so that he was rendered insensible. Gurney died in a few minutes.

Negotiations are said to be now on the *tapis* in Vienna to postpone the date for the separation of the South Austrian and North Italian lines into different companies, until the effect of the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and the line from Nice to Genoa, on the traffic can be ascertained.

Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell is the first Conservative Rector of Edinburgh University, Liberals having been returned on every occasion since 1859, when Edinburgh first obtained a Rector.

A French Official Note has been published showing the number of projectiles served out to the artillery during the Prussian siege, that is to say, from the 20th of September, 1870, to the 20th of January, 1871. The figures are:—6,422 four-pounder shells; 89,256 oblong seven-pounders; 12,000 ditto eight-pounders; 1,500 ditto eight-pounder Shrapnel shells; 81,358 ordinary twelve-pounders; 3,885 twelve-pounder case shot; 52,776 ordinary twenty-four pounders; 1,000 twenty-two centimetres in length; 150 solid fifty pound shot; 3,225 twenty-seven pounder bombs; total, 251,572. To those numbers must be added one million of iron bullets for case shot.

The Master of the Rolls, in congratulating the new Solicitor-General upon his appointment, has reminded Mr. Jessel that he is the fourth gentleman practising in the Rolls Court who has been made a law officer of the Crown during his lordship's tenure of office.

A Provisional Service to Brindisi through the Mont Cenis Tunnel is now established, and passengers can leave London on Saturday morning and overtake at Bologna the mail which leaves the previous night and is still sent by the Brenner Pass, and so on to Brindisi, to embark on Tuesday morning by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer. Passengers desiring to break the journey can leave London on Thursday morning and sleep at Paris, Mâcon, Turin, and Bologna, leaving the last-mentioned place at 12.10 noon on Monday by the train conveying the mail. Full information regarding this new route can be obtained of Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., 65, Cornhill, London.

The intention of the Board of Works to appropriate a portion of Victoria Park to building purposes has given rise to much adverse comment in the east end of London, and a meeting is to be held to protest against the encroachment.

At the time of the late explosion of fire-damp at the Saint-Etienne coal district, not more than 120 men were at work in the pit. Up to the present moment, twelve have been brought up living, and twenty-four dead. Great fears are entertained as to the ultimate fate of the others, but every effort is being made to afford them assistance or rescue them. The gallery is 310 metres (3ft. 1¾in. each) deep. The cause of the disaster is at present unknown, but had it happened in the day-time the loss of life must have been fearful.

The Rev. W. F. Welch, vicar of Stradsett, in Norfolk, has died through eating some poisonous fungi, which he had gathered under the impression that they were mushrooms.

It is stated by the Paris *Constitutionnel* that the Pope is about to issue a protest in which he will declare that he is the sole King of Rome, and refuse to have relations with the foreign Ministers accredited to the Court of Italy.

Two muzzle-loading nine-pounder field guns of steel and wrought-iron, similar to these with which our field batteries are being equipped, and which are intended for the service of the French Government, were on Saturday handed over to Captain Amet, of the French despatch boat *Cuvier*, at Woolwich, for conveyance to France. One is a present from the English Government, the other is to be paid for.

The *China Mail* assures us that there is scarcely a breath of political news stirring in China. M. Rochechouart has not assented to the wish of the Chinese Government that he should advocate the reception of Chung How in Paris. The Hong Kong colonists are memorialising the Secretary of State for a stronger police, and better organisation for the protection of life and property. It appears that the Shan-sin-fan rioters have not yet been flogged.

A rumour has again been circulated that the French Government intends to introduce a Bill in the Assembly prohibiting every member of the Imperial family from entering France without special authorisation. A Versailles telegram, however, says that there is no truth in this statement.

According to Vienna rumours, the Emperor of Austria has sacrificed Count Beust for the purpose of effecting a compromise with the Czechs. Some of the Vienna papers state that influence was exerted in Berlin to bring about the resignation of Count Beust. A Berlin telegram declares that this statement is without foundation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Lord Mayor's feast would be regarded with more general interest than it excites at present if the price of the provisions consumed at the banquet were published annually. We should be then able to see at a glance the effect upon fixed incomes of a decreasing value in money, and an increasing tendency in prices. City feasts cost rather more now than they did a few centuries ago. The following is the price of provisions consumed at a dinner of the Wax Chandlers Company in the year 1478:—Two loins of mutton and two loins of veal, 1s. 4d.; a loin of beef, 4d.; a leg of mutton, 2½d.; a pig, 4d.; a capon, 6d.; a coney, 2d.; one dozen of pigeons, 7d.; a hundred eggs, 8½d.; a goose, 6d.; a gallon of red wine, 8d.; a kilderkin of ale, 8d.; total cost, 7s. Half a century later pigs had risen from 4d. to 6d., but the cost of living must still have been reasonable, judging by the price of provisions provided for a dinner given by certain serjeants-at-law in the year 1531. "Brought," says the record, "to the slaughter-house twenty-four beeves, each £1 6s. 8d.; one carcase of an oxe from the shambles, £1 4s.; 100 fat muttons, each 1s. 10d.; fifty-one great veales at 4s. 8d.; thirty-four porkes at 3s. 3d.; ninety-one pigs at 6d.; capons of Greece of one poulterer ten dozens, at (a-piece) 1s. 8d.; capons of Kent, nine dozen and six, at 1s.; cocks of grose, seven dozens and nine, at 8d.; cocks course, thirteen dozen at 8d. and 3d. a-piece; pullets, the best, 2½d. each; other pullets, 2d.; pigeons, thirty-seven dozen, each dozen 2d.; swans, thirteen dozen (no price mentioned); larks, 340 dozen, each dozen 5d." If prices could be reduced again to this level, there can be little doubt that drinking would give way to eating, and that much angry clamour would be lost in the clatter of knives and forks, plates and dishes. At the rate at which we are at present advancing towards the millennium, it is terrible to reflect what will be the probable cost of a Lord Mayor's dinner in the year of grace 1971.

The *Civil Service Gazette* believes that the Earl of Belmore's resignation of the Governorship of New South Wales was caused by his desire to return home, and, therefore, without vouching for the fact, it thinks that the report of his appointment to the Governorship of Bombay is incorrect.

The Manchester assizes are fixed for December 2nd, and Liverpool for the 12th.

Without any advertising, for more than a week every ticket for the Westminster Working Men's Conservative banquet on the 17th had been disposed of.

An old lady was burnt to death at Stourbridge on Monday. She had been left alone, and was found surrounded by flames.

Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge, of the *City Press*, announce for publication, in December, *The City of London Directory*. It is stated that this work will be compiled from original sources of information, and will comprise many new features of considerable importance.

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [525

Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth at *about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Chest Preservatives.—At all seasons of the year the rate of mortality from diseases of the lungs is very great. Holloway's Ointment well rubbed upon the chest, aided by his Pills, arrests all mischief. These cleansing medicaments exercise the most salutary and restorative influence over the entire contents of the pectoral cavity. Air tubes, nerves, blood vessels, and all other tissues feel their wholesomely potent power, more particularly in their thoroughly purifying both venous and arterial blood, by promoting the free circulation of air. Neither Ointment nor Pills contain any noxious ingredient whatever, but their balsamic nature nourishes rather than irritates the system, and kindly subdues all untoward symptoms till all is well once more. [475

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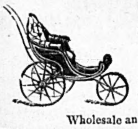

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1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

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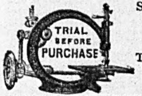

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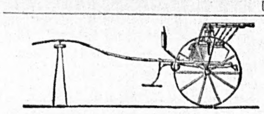

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Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

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Vice-Presidents.
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The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

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FURTHER SECURITY—A Subscribed Capital of more than a Million and a Half.
Expenses of Management under 3 per Cent.
NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1872.
GEORGE HUMPHREYS,
Actuary and Secretary. [263

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Accidents cause Loss of Time.
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An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 5s. insures £1,000 at Death, or an allowance at the rate of £6 per week for Injury.
£565,000 have been paid as compensation,
ONE out of every TWELVE Annual Policy Holders becoming a claimant EACH YEAR. For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or at the Offices,
4, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT ST., LONDON.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

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HAS BEEN AWARDED
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Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [526

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The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.
Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

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